THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 17, 1932

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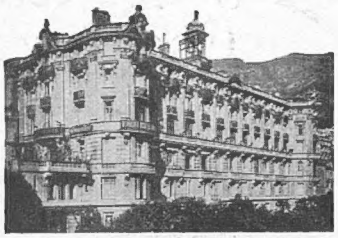

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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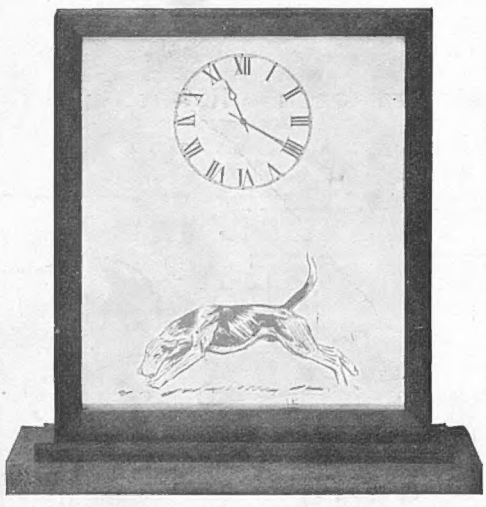

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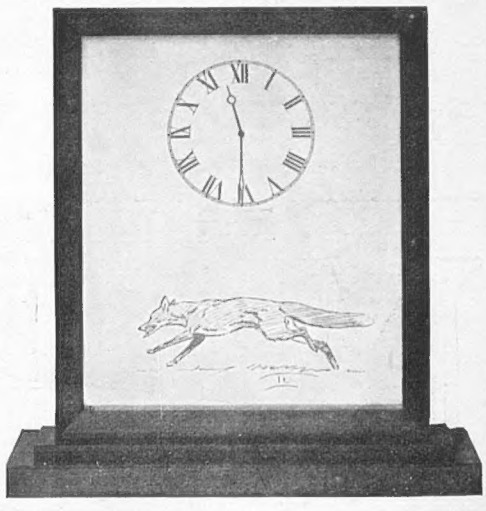


The Bystander, February 17, 1932 No. 1470. Vol. CXIII

the BYSTANDER

Madame Yevonde

BARONESS FURNIVALL

Whose marriage will shortly take place to Mr. William Herbert Shelley Dent, M.C., the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dent, of Canton, China. The only child of the fourteenth Baron Petre, who died in 1908, the Barony of Furnivall was called out of abeyance in favour of Lady Furnivall by the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords in 1913

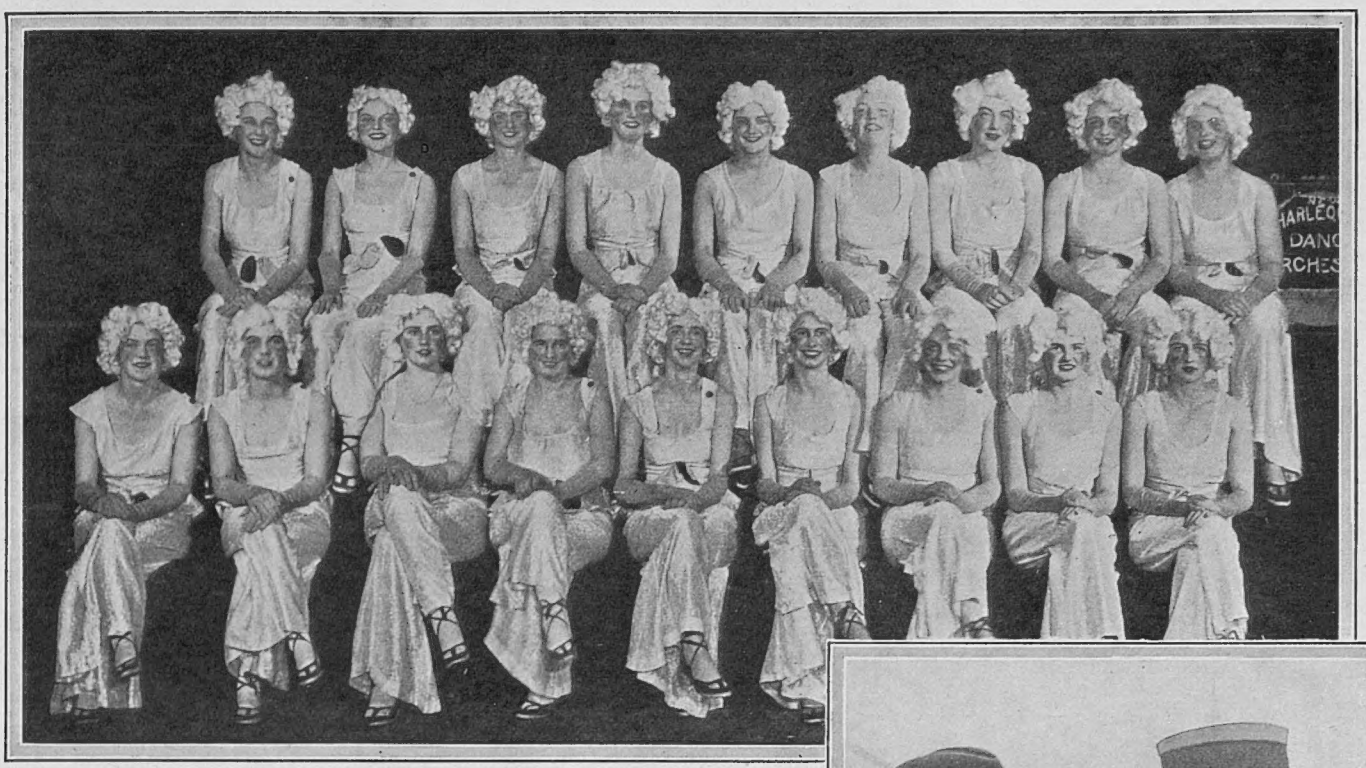
YOUTH at the BULLINGDON CLUB Meet

Left: An al fresco luncheon-party between races at the Bullingdon point-to-point at Somerton. From left to right are Capt. du Pré, Mr. Dunne, Mrs. Smith-Bingham, Mrs. Dunne, Countess du Pré, Mrs. Tony Belville, Mrs. Fox-Pitt, and Mr. Smith-Bingham

A group including the Hon. Dennis and Mrs. Craig, Miss Arkwright, Mr. Terrence Craig, Miss Skinner and Mr. Stoddart

Above: Lady Elizabeth Murray and Mr. R. W Taylor on the course. Photographs of the racing in progress during the Bullingdon point-to-point appear on page 302

Left: Luncheon is served. A mixed foursome getting busy beside the course at Somerton. They are Mr. Arthur Collins (left), Miss Foster, Miss A. J. Collins and Mr. F. Stanley. Mr. and Miss Collins are the children of Colonel W. F. Collins and Lady Evelyn Collins



Members of the cabaret which was a big feature of the recent ball organised by Lady Kinross in aid of the Royal Edinburgh Infirmary and held in that city. Seen above, from left to right, are: (back row) the Misses Helen Low, Mary Morthwick, and Catherine Inglis, the Hon. Rosemary Balfour, the Misses Kitty Graham and Janet Jardine, Lady Angela Scott, Miss Jean Dundas, and Miss Jean Hood. Front row: the Hon. Elizabeth Younger, Miss Celia Dundas, Lady Anne Hope, the Misses Alice Maconochie, Juliet and Dione Jamieson, Lady Grizel Boyle, Miss Marcia Fraser, and Lady Glentanar

the passing hour

THE arrival of Mr. Andrew Mellon as the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's will be a matter of great interest to Mayfair. Quite apart from the crude fact that Mr. Mellon is a multi-millionaire and is therefore likely to do a great deal of entertaining—unlike M. de Fleuriau and the other not-so-well-off Ambassadors—Mr. Mellon comes of a family of Anglophiles, and is an Anglophile himself.

HE has been to England on several occasions, and, unlike General Dawes, can be relied upon to pronounce only one "W" in Warwick Castle. His boy Paul was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and was a member of the International Sportsmen's Club in Upper Grosvenor Street, where he spent all his available weekends.

HIS nephew, Dicky Mellon, owns Glangesia and Alike, both of which will run in the Grand National. Incidentally, Glangesia won the International Steeplechase at Grasslands, in Tennesee, recently. But although Grasslands is modelled on Aintree, the English handicapper thinks so little of it as a test of form that he has added only one pound to Glangesia's weight since last year.

THE only point which arises is—who will be hostess at the American Embassy? The answer, presumably, is that Mr. Mellon's married daughter will fill the bill. One may also be sure that Mr. Paul Mellon will return to London. At the moment he is banking in Pittsburgh, but would much sooner be in England writing books and hunting.

I MENTIONED just now the Grand National. The other evening at Nash's Sir Peter Grant Lawson was listening to Frances Day's piquant songs. He is quite optimistic, I hear, about

The Duke of Connaught, on the advice of his doctors, recently left England for the South of France, where he is staying at his villa at Cap Ferrat. He is seen chatting with a French officer on his arrival at Beaulieu

GRAND NATIONAL OWNERS

Earl and Countess Jellicoe seen with one of their daughters at the bathing pool of Reid's Palace Hotel, Madeira, where they are staying to recuperate in the lovely climate after his recent severe illness. He is reported to be progressing wonderfully

winning the Grand National. Young Mr. Warden, who has been so successful this season as an amateur jockey, was there, too, together with Major "Rattle" Barrett, Lord Wharncliffe, Sir Richard Cruise, and more pretty girls than I have ever seen in one room before.

S

At the International Sportsmen's Club the same evening I saw Mr. Bob Everett, who won the Grand National on Gregalach, but was badly hurt at Sandown recently, when Captain Sassoon also came a bad cropper. This club is quite a hot-bed of romance. Any number of young members have become engaged —Mr. Falconer-Wallace and Miss Wishart-Thompson, for example, as well as Miss Pirie and Mr. Hohler.

S

It is astonishing to think that this year there will be débutantes at Court who were not born when the War broke out. One of those to be presented at the first Court will be Miss Valerie Louise Lynch, the daughter of Colonel David Lynch. You can tell from her first name that she is only seventeen, for she was born on September 30, 1914, the day the English cavalry, with whom her father served, were at St. Valery. Louise is given her in token of the Crown Princess of Sweden, who is one of her godmothers.

Bassano

Miss Monica Sinclair Elton, the daughter of the late Brigadier-General F. A. G. Y. Elton, R.A., and of Mrs. Elton Her engagement was announced last month to Mr. Malcolm Edward D. Cumming, 60th Rifles, the son of the late Mr. Charles Malcolm Cumming and of Mrs. Cumming, of Slinfold, Sussex

Claude Harris

Mr. Thomas James, the only son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Cuthbert James and of the Hon. Mrs. James, and his fiancée, Miss Germaine Eliot, the only daughter of the Hon. Montague and Mrs. Eliot and a niece of the Earl of St. German's. Mr. James is a nephew of Lord Northbourne

S

In these days of giants in science, in invention, and in speed, it is perhaps in the eternal order of Equilibrium that we also live in the age of pigmies in politics. Is there, we well may ask, as we examine the Lilliputian efforts of our so-called statesmen, one single man with the intellect and the courage to reveal one trace of leadership? As far as I can see, Sir Herbert Samuel and Lord Snowden only stand out as pathetic adherents of a Cobdenite cause as extinct to-day as the dodo.

S

Then we find Sir John Gilmour, the Minister of Agriculture, after labouring for four

INTERESTING VISITORS TO LONDON

The British ski teams which took part in the International Downhill Ski Races at the Olympic Games at Cortina, in Italy, seen at Mürren, where they were training. The Men's team seen above comprises Mr. E. N. A. Richardson, the Manager (left), Capt. F. Boughton Leigh, Mr. N. G. Cleaver, Mr. W. R. Bracken, Mr. W. J. Riddell, and Mr. Peter Lunn. The Ladies' team, seen on the right with King Alfonso and the Men's team, are wearing headbands knitted by the Infanta Maria Cristina of Spain during her convalescence. They are, from left to right: Mrs. Alan S. Butler, Miss Sale Barker, Miss J. Kessler, Miss Doreen Elliott, the Captain, Miss D. J. Crewdson, and Miss Boughton Leigh

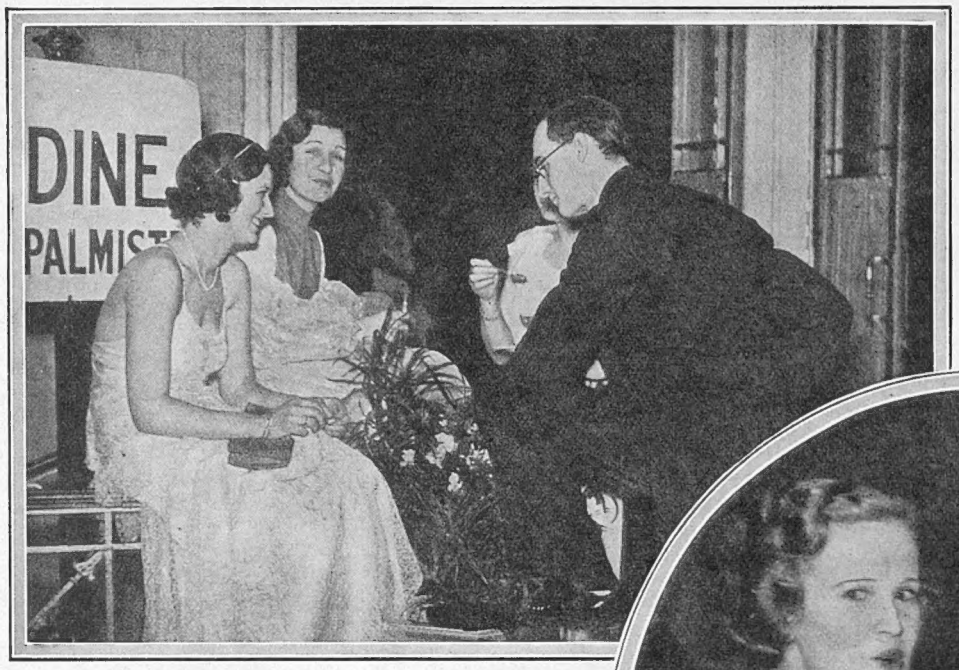
months to find a way to give our farmers assistance, produces a ridiculous and still-born mouse in the shape of an ambiguous promise. The said promise apparently meaning that if a Milk Commission, a Potato Commission, and a Bacon Commission can find schemes of "reorganisation," under the present free dumping arrangements which this Government were returned to prevent, well, the Government *might* regulate foreign imports! Sez you! I wonder when the Lilliputians will realise that if they don't do their jobs efficiently the Giant Electorate will sharply take and throw them out, neck and crop. Meantime people are asking what General Page-Croft and his followers are going to do about it? They are not sent there meekly to submit to a continuance of the sorry game of dodging the public's orders.

Two very interesting visitors have been in London during the past few days without the newspapers learning of their whereabouts. One is Baron von Weinburg, who is one of the heads of the German aniline dye industry, and owns polo grounds, a golf course, and one of the loveliest estates imaginable at Frankfort. I met him during race week at Baden-Baden last summer.

The other is Lord Powerscourt, who is at the head of the Irish Hospitals Sweep, president of the Dublin Horse show—although he is not very fond of horses—and probable successor to Mr. Cosgrave as

(Continued on page 295)

THE LION BALL AT THE MAY FAIR



Left : Rest and refreshment being enjoyed by Miss Constance Bouchier, Miss Sheila Bouchier, and Mr. and Mrs. Van Moppes during the dancing at the May Fair. The Lion Ball, which was, appropriately enough, a roaring success was arranged by members of the British Empire Union

Miss Iris Ashley and a friend refuse to take the pleasures of the dance at all seriously. Indeed, cheeriness was the keynote of the proceedings at the Ball

Above : A cheerful trio at the Lion Ball. They are Mr. Jurgens, Miss Susan Noel, the recent winner of the Ladies' Squash Rackets Championship, and Miss Howard

Right : A novel feature of the Ball was a Bridge Tournament which gave dancers a chance to rest their feet and exercise their hands. A game is seen in progress before an audience including Mr. Reginald Wilson, the popular Secretary of the British Empire Union, who is seen at the back of the photograph

Photographs by Sasha

TWO RECENT WEDDINGS

A photograph taken at the reception following the recent wedding at St. Columba's, Pont Street, of Mr. George Ronald Service and Miss Doreen Mary Potts. Mr. John Service was the best man, the two pages were Master John Sainsbury and Master Michael Tubbs, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Phillipa Moore, Marjorie Potts, Nan and Jeanette Service, Molly Horton, and Greta Collins

(*Continued from page 293*)

President of the Irish Free State. Lord Powerscourt is a cynical man, but, unlike most cynics, has a very kind heart.

MAJOR JACK COATS is in London, too, despite the cold weather. One would have thought that he, at any rate, would have been able to get away from the wintry blast now that real winter has at last shown its hand. Lord Derby has gone to Ceylon. I hear that Mr. Esmond Harmsworth is off to Egypt, and all sorts of people who had intended to stay in England throughout the winter are finding that the cold snap is rather more than they expected.

THE Historical Drama Ball, to be held at Grosvenor House on February 25, will provide something new in the form of entertainment. Miss Olga Nethersole, the founder of the People's League of Health, in aid of which the ball will be held, and Mr. Frank Lascelles, the well-known pageant organiser, are arranging a series of short scenes depicting "Drama Throughout the Ages," which will be presented before the dancing starts.

Photographs by Lenare

Miss Mona Valentine Pirie, the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Pirie, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Pirie. Her engagement was announced recently to Mr. Henry Arthur Hohler, Grenadier Guards, the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Hohler, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Hohler

CHINESE, Indian, Japanese, and early English forms of drama will be presented, and many experts have been working hard to make them a success. These include Sir Edward Dennison Ross, who is the greatest living expert on Oriental languages, although one would never think it to see him,

Mr. William Leslie Paget Woolley and Miss Thelma Blay, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Blay, of the Manor House, Ditton Hill, Surrey, seen at the reception held there after their wedding. They are attended by two pages, Master Guy Bethell and Master Christopher Norton, the seven bridesmaids, the Misses Doreen and Margot Blay, Joyce Davies, Pamela Satterthwaite, Marvis Browne, Rhoda Payne and Stephanie Rivers-Smith, and the best man, the Hon. John Bethell

THE "BURGOMEISTER" OF CAPE TOWN, S.A.

for he is anything but as dry as dust or highbrow in his conversation.

S

I AM told that the captions beneath the photographs of the Royal Stuart Society dinner the other day have upset some of the members, who are, of course, by no means anti-dynastic. It would appear that a humorous reference to "the Prince over the water" has been taken quite seriously. To put the matter straight, let me explain that I have been informed the reason why people join the Royal Stuart Society is because they have a detestation of the murderers of Mary Queen of Scots

Sir Alexander Maguire, seen with Cowie, his boatman, about to set out for a day's fishing on the Tay. He recently compiled the best individual catch of the week for any one rod

and of Charles I, together with a sneaking regard for Charles II.

S

TAKE Sir George Turner, for example, one of the vice-presidents of the Society. So far from being anti-dynastic, he has had the honour of entertaining the King on two separate occasions, as president of the United Hospitals' Football Club.

A party setting out over Hickling Broad, Norfolk, for the annual "Coot" Shoot, the object of which is to reduce as far as possible the vast numbers of the birds which cross from Holland to the East Coast. Included in the party are Colonel Sorocold and Mr. P. F. Perrin, the Essex cricketer

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

DIOLITE for the Lincolnshire Handicap and GRAKLE for the National have been backed by recognised good judges; and many doubles bracketing Grakle, Sir Lindsay and Ottawa with Diolite have been booked.

I shall be content to win small money over horses that have carried good money and have failed to get home. They keep popping up.

Here are six more to follow. Lack of space this week prevents details of form being given.

POUDRE	BUCK
ROYAL STRANGER	PARTING SHOT
KING SOLOMON	COCAO

After laying the foundation stone of the new telephone building in Queen Victoria Street, the Lord Mayor, Sir Maurice Jenks, visited the Central Telegraph Office. He is seen above with (right) Sir Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster-General, speaking over the Cape Town telephone to the "Burgomeister" as, local snobbery being very much to the fore, the mayor of Cape Town is called

"JACK" THURSTON (JOAN MAUDE) tells LARRY DEANS (GERALD du MAURIER) what she thinks of him.

DR. THURSTON (J.H. ROBERTS) centre reassures LOUIS CREET (FRANKLYN DYALL) about the state of his health. Mrs. THURSTON (JESSIE WINTER)

ELLIOT (ALAN NAPIER) "TUBBY" STORMAN (DAVID HAWTHORNE) & LARRY DEANS (GERALD du MAURIER) draw for the fatal ACE of SPADES.

EDNA CLAYTON

"THE GREEN PACK" AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

Impressions by Edna Clayton of characters and incidents in the last play Edgar Wallace wrote

Hors d'Oeuvres

by "CAVIARE"

WHAT a lovely complexion Princess Mary has! I'm sure some of our aspiring beauties must envy her. Lady Buchanan Jardine attributes her beautiful skin to milk, but most of us are too frightened of getting fat to attempt such an experiment. Mrs. Lawson Johnson swears by ice, and, of course, we all know that Lady Howe only uses "Pond's." I suppose Lady Diana Cooper still holds the prize for a perfect complexion.

* * *

WHY does Mr. Randolph Churchill, who is essentially an English type, wear his hair very long at the back and with side-whiskers?

* * *

I WONDER if Lady Moira Forbes and her fiancé—the Marquis de Brissac—have decided who rides the better? Both are "wonderful" on a horse, and the Marquis has won many races. Chateau Brissac is a treasure house and perfectly situated, so Lady Moira is to be envied, especially as her fiancé is considered one of the most fascinating young men in France.

* * *

WHY does a certain well-known peer have rubber soles to one pair of his evening shoes?

* * *

I HAVE seldom seen such an angle as Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg manages to affect with his hat. I saw him racing, so perhaps it was the excitement of a winner which was to blame. Mr. Harry Brown has a merry tilt to his bowler, and Major "Fruity" Metcalfe to his topper, but Sir Peter Grant-Lawson wears his hats fair and square.

* * *

I HEAR rumours of a broken engagement, and all over an intercepted telephone call. They were so happy, too; but perhaps he was a little too charming—even at a distance.

* * *

LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX, who seems to get prettier every time I see her, dresses in dark or pastel shades, which are a perfect frame for her blonde hair and fair skin. Lady Melchett, who is also golden-haired, wears daring colour schemes, and is fond of scarlet and jade-green. Lady Dalkeith is very quietly dressed; she is also a blonde, and so is pretty little Lady Vernon.

* * *

A CERTAIN much-photographed actress is, I hear, not so devoted to her infant as the public imagine; but it is very good publicity.

* * *

I'M so tired of people's beauty. Let us think who is amusing and, if possible, witty. Mrs. Redmond MacGrath, for one; Mrs. Roland Cubitt, of course; Mrs. Claude Grahame-White, our dear Ethel Levy, who makes any party—even a funeral—gay; Mrs. Stewart-Brown, who is really funny; and Mrs. Edward Joicey, the one and only Vi Loraine, for whose company I would sacrifice every Venus ever born.

Lenare

Miss Joan Levett, who has been doing film work, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Berkeley Levett, of Cottington, Sidmouth Her father is an Extra Equerry to the Duke of Connaught

Bertram Park

A new photograph of Countess Howe, one of the loveliest women in Society. Her husband is the well-known racing motorist, who, as Viscount Curzon, represented South Battersea in the House for some years

* * *

BARONESS FURNIVALL has received thousands of congratulations on her engagement to Mr. William Dent. She is very popular and owns the unusual name of Mafra. She has a charming quick chatter and a good voice. A bride of last week, Lady Glenapp, now Mrs. Douglas Breech, has a wonderful voice and has given several recitals.

* * *

PEKINGESE owners grow apace. What is the fascination of these funny little dogs? Mrs. Drogo Montague has two black and white ones, Lady Scone has a beloved one called Susan, and Lady Mount-Temple seldom goes away without her Peke companion, an affection for which is shared by her maid.

* * *

A YOUNG baronet, very recently married, is so fond of dancing that he is often seen with professionals at popular places, so as not to get out of practice.

* * *

MISS MALA BRAND is noted for her witty conversation and her large circle of friends. There was a rumour of her marriage to a well-known peer, but this has not materialised. Miss Brand is most unusual-looking; she has very thick hair brushed straight save for one wave, and wears no rouge leaving her face very white.

* * *

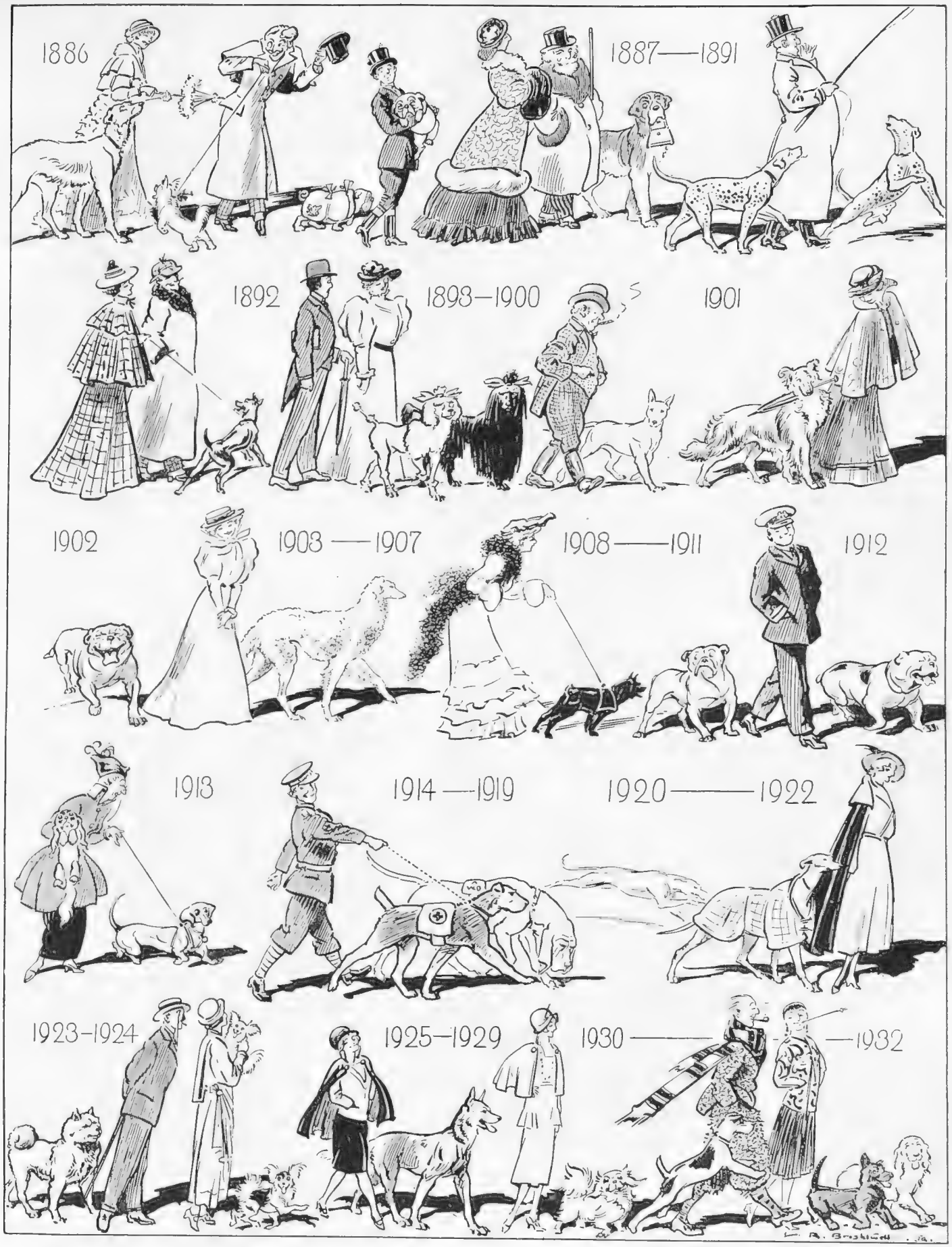
MADEIRA is having a very gay season. Sir Philip and Lady Pilditch are there enjoying the sunshine. Lord Glanely is there, and Sir Patrick Hastings' daughter, Miss Barbara Hastings, is another visitor, as are also Lord and Lady Jellicoe.

* * *

MISS BRIDGET NICKOLS, who is marrying Lord Hindlip next Tuesday, has received some very fine wedding presents. She has a large circle of friends, and so has her fiancé. Miss Nickols is very fond of dancing, and is often at the Embassy. She was one of the pioneers of the evening dresses with a single strap from neck to waist instead of the conventional shoulder straps.

* * *

MY prize this week is for Miss Diana Coventry for being attractive, amusing, plump, and very pretty.



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

THE CAVALCADE OF CRUFT'S

Dogs have their fashions no less than dress, though the popularity of a breed, as shown by its entries at the famous show now on at the Agricultural Hall, is usually less a matter of blind caprice than is its master's attire. Above are seen breeds that rose suddenly to favour during particular periods

EVE—the Girl Contortionist in "HELEN!"

Six studies of the eighteen-year-old Eve, in the wonderful Egyptian dance she performs in "Helen!" at the Adelphi. Eve, who was born in Glasgow, only started dancing when she was twelve, and was taught entirely by her mother. She owes much of her astounding suppleness to the fact that she practises for six hours every day

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs*

MR OLIVER MESSEL AT HOME

A corner of the studio in Kensington where Mr. Oliver Messel, who was responsible for the dresses and scenic effects in "Helen!" at the Adelphi, does his work. It is a simply furnished room with bare walls and floor and is essentially a place in which to work, but possessing one outstandingly interesting piece of furniture in the form of an ornate gilt mirror covered with all manner of designs, including a skull

Mr. Oliver Messel at work on a portrait in his studio. Between theatrical productions he finds mental relaxation in painting portraits and designing masks, and has lately been experimenting with busts fashioned out of brown paper and clay

ON this page are seen some glimpses of the studio in which Oliver Messel, the clever young man whose dress designs and scenic effects play so big a part in the artistic success of "Helen!" at the Adelphi, does his work. He is at present busily engaged in scheming and designing dresses for the forthcoming production of "The Miracle" at the Lyceum

A glimpse of the bedroom in Mr. Messel's studio. It is bare of decoration except for a curious headdress on a dummy head, presumably for inspiration during sleepless nights

Photographs by Sasha

TUMBLES at the BULLINGDON CLUB'S Point-to-Point

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES IN—AND OUT OF—THE SADDLE

Above and on the right are seen two phases of the downfall of the favourite Cuchulain in the Argenti Cup. Mr. J. H. Russell and his mount were leading the field when the latter stumbled in taking off at one of the jumps—and, as the photographs show, great was the fall thereof

Another heavy fall during the running of the Argenti Cup. Lord David Crichton-Stuart and his mount, Chorus Girl, go back to the land with a thud after failing to clear one of the jumps

The Hon. J. Pearson on his Triplex taking the last fence to win the Argenti Cup. As usual, the meeting attracted a large audience to Somerton

By Hynes

"You, sir, are nothing but a wolf in sheep's clothing"
"And you, fair one, are nothing but a cat in rabbit's-skin!"

if Gossip we must

LENT is with us, and I have noticed one or two moans because Lent in this country is not observed so strictly as it used to be. Without going into the religious aspect of the matter, it is surely obvious that Lent is now so like what we are forced by law to make the rest of the year that it is difficult to distinguish it. In the days when it was permissible to have a fairly riotous time for three hundred and sixty-five days (provided one's pocket and one's constitution could stand it) there was some point in setting aside a certain number of them for slowing down a bit. I find, however, some bright young souls are making good resolutions—or were—for they have probably broken them by now.

THAT does no one harm provided they can avoid that irritating trick of making a virtue out of a necessity and of assuming an attitude of self-denial in not going to parties which they are only too anxious to avoid for a spell. Only those who are given to doing otherwise o' nights can relish the keen joy of an evening at home, with slippers, a pipe, and a book.

OF course, it all depends on the book. One of the best of its type I have read for a long time is W. H. Leverton's "Through the Box-Office Window." The author should know something about box-office windows, for he has been stationed behind that at the Haymarket Theatre for half a century. This suggests that he must have been propped up on the ledge as a tiny tot, lisping that the best that can be done for next Saturday are two end stalls in Row K and waving a rattle; for "Bill" Leverton hardly looks fifty years of age. Instead of his somewhat confined existence narrowing his mind, it has broadened it. That is what comes of only seeing people's faces and only dealing with their seats (if "Bill" will forgive me putting it in that way).

THERE is a touch of the pleasant Bohemian of the long ago about the man and his book, though he has kept himself well abreast of the times and has nothing of the old fogey in him. Reminiscences in plenty are there of the Bancrofts, Mrs. Langtry (whose only comment on an individual who nearly ruined her in a tricky business deal was, "Never trust a man who grows hair on his face in unexpected places"), Tree, Cyril Maude, Hawtrey, Little Sydney Ellison, and many more. The following story of old Henry Kemble ("Beetle") has, I think, never before appeared in print, though Allan Aynesworth tells it brilliantly. One day Kemble, who was in need of a job, came to the Haymarket booking-office when there was a long queue, and said very loudly to Leverton, "Can you tell me if Mr. Henry Kemble is to be in the cast of the next production here?"

"I don't know, sir,"

Pearl Argyle, who dances in "Helen!" at the Adelphi. This opera-bouffe shows every sign of running for months and months so popular has it proved, thus giving the lie to that old proverb, "What Manchester thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow," for the Mancunians did not rave about it as the Londoners do

Dorothy Wilding

GOOD-BYE, ROMANCE

Following the new craze for smart sophistication on the "talkies," Norma Shearer, who first won fame in love stories, has joined the ever-growing band who are turning their back on Romance, and instead of appearing in the romantic drama, "Smilin' Thru," will appear in the screen version of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude."

I YEARN for the days of the Silent Screen,
Which have vanished beyond recall,
When we wallowed for hours in saccharine
And the Boy God was chief of all.
But no more the pictures portray a world
That is bathed in a rosy light,
When Mary Pickford, all smiles and curls,
Was hailed as the sweetest of little girls,
And only the villains got tight.

Nowadays, Hollywood turns up its nose
(Provided that nose can turn up)
At Romance, for the cash-box clearly shows
That to sell Love's to sell a pup.
So Norma Shearer and other stars, who
Played in films that were just too sweet,
Now change their tactics and hand Romance
A hearty kick in the seat of the pants
As the Box Office bids them do.

Since Cupid is reckoned as N.B.G.
I seldom go out to a show,
For pictures have lost all their savour for me,
I find them infernally slow.
But when love-scenes cropped up twenty times in one film
I went there most days in the week;
In fact, I refused to stay away,
For I found those films, I'm glad to say,
Such a help to my own technique!

B. W.

Left: Jack Payne, whose dance orchestra is so well known to all wireless "fans." He and his merry men are appearing at the Palladium this week and are proving as popular in the flesh as they are in the microphone

William Walker and Iris Ashley, whose amusing songs at the piano, including that popular number, "It Always Takes Two," are proving very much to the liking of visitors to the Malmaison, where they are appearing at present. Miss Ashley, who is a cousin of Lord Iddesleigh, composed many of the songs she sings

was the reply, "we are not thinking of a new production at present."

"Oh, very well," said Kemble, "but you might tell Messrs. Harrison and Maude *that people are enquiring!*"

TALKING of books, there has been a mighty pother in the publishing world over the fact that certain literary critics of certain newspapers are also readers, advisers, partners, etc., in certain publishing firms. Various firms not allied in this way have been showing their indignation that such a large amount of space should be given by the writers to the publications of the companies in which they are interested. I just give facts, and refrain from any comment beyond the natural wonder as to what would happen if one dramatic critic were chief adviser to Mr. C. B. Cochran and another a joint manager of a theatre with Sir Alfred Butt, or if a musical critic were a director of the Queen's Hall. I know one thing that would happen—their papers would sack them in double-quick time. Perhaps there is something in literary criticism that makes for greater leniency.

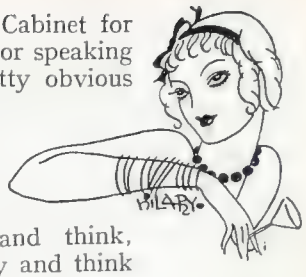
WE said in these columns many months ago that the Duke of Connaught would eventually go to his villa in the South of France, and all who have a sort of reverential affection for this great gentleman—and there must be very few who have not—are delighted that he has gone. February is a treacherous month, and March winds are the very devil—and His Royal Highness is eighty-one. His gesture in remaining in England through the bulk of the winter was superb, and part of that infallible instinct for doing the right thing which he has shown throughout a long life of public

By Harold Beards

"Have you had much experience as a secretary?"
"I was with the Duke and Duchess of Millwater for six months before they separated"
"I think you'll suit me nicely. Now sit down and tell me all about it!"

Miss Betty Haddon, the twelve-year-old schoolgirl who has written the words of a charming song, "When May Walks By," which has been set to music by the noted composer, Mr. Norman O'Neill. It will be sung by Miss Maud Neilson, the well-known concert singer, at the Wigmore Hall to-morrow, February 18

It is not only in the camp of the Empire Free Traders that the rejoicing over the adoption of tariffs is sincere enough, though tempered with regret that the Government did not do more. To which I might add a determination that the Government shall, and must, do more. The National Government did not, however, merit Mr. Lansbury's vote of censure, in which that usually mild old gentleman became so violent and illogical that he proved that he is not a fit person to lead even the tiny remnant of the Socialist Party that remains. It was simply peevish bad temper that prompted him to talk of "the foul campaign that was carried on at the last General Election"; for Mr. Lansbury is the type of fanatic who cannot conceive that he or his party could possibly be beaten except by foul play—a peculiarly self-righteous form of conceit. As for his criticism of the Cabinet for not all thinking or speaking alike, it is pretty obvious that what he really objects to is that, whatever Cabinet ministers say and think, they do not say and think as he does. Here is, at any rate, one of their minor virtues.



But where it is reasonable to find fault with the Government is for their timidity in not including, for instance, meat and bacon in the tariff scheme. Obviously they are still terrified lest their opponents should raise the "taxing-foodstuffs" complaint, and lest increased prices of food should cause them embarrassment. This state of mind takes the tangible form of a sort of sentimental service. But his subsequent obedience to his doctor's advice will, I trust, be an equally useful example and will diminish that fanatical notion, still prevalent, that for English people to go to the South of France at all just now amounts almost to high treason. Of course, it is nothing of the sort. Furthermore, I hear of many cases of hotel proprietors in France being wise and tactful about the fall of the pound by adapting their prices to our rather shorter purses. This is in contrast to one or two English hotels I could name who have taken advantage of the "Buy British" slogan to charge extortionate prices and to "Rob British."

Dorothy Wilding

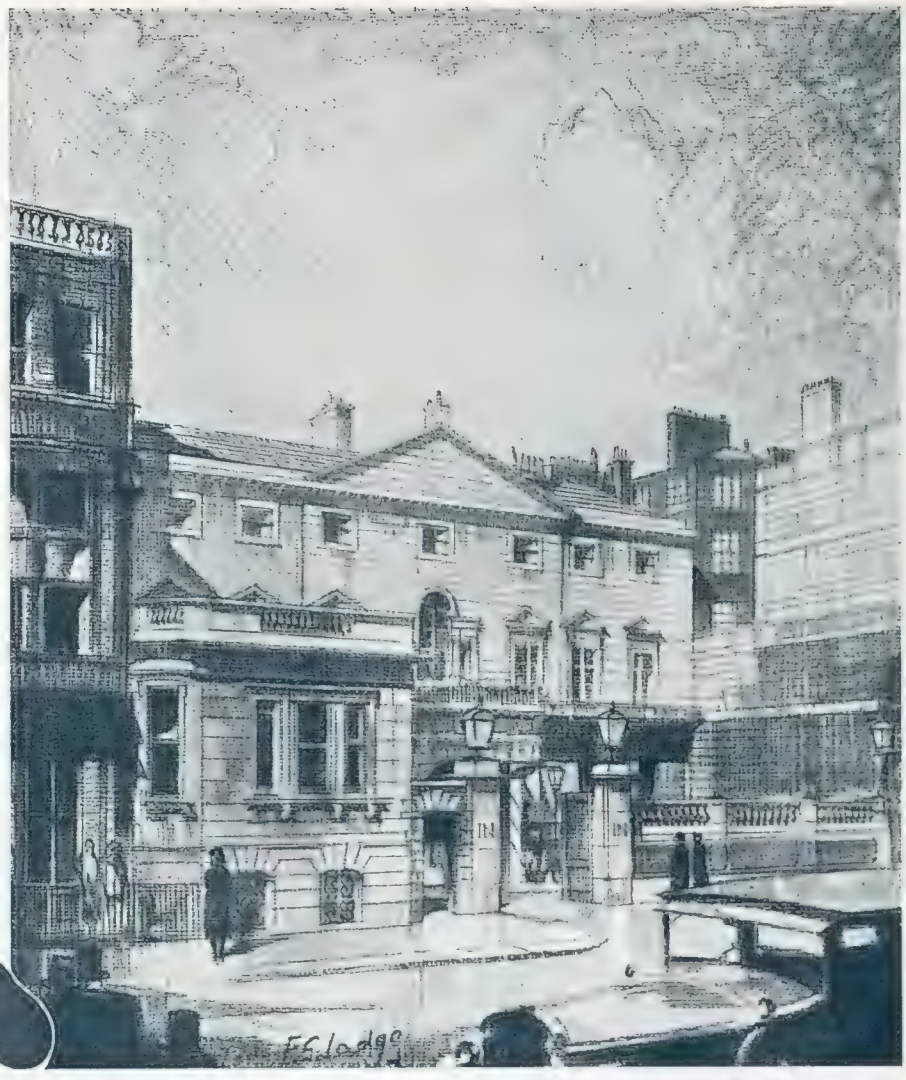
GLADYS COOPER

Who takes the leading part in "King, Queen and Knave," the new play by E. M. Harwood. It was produced at the Playhouse last night, February 16

affection for the Argentine and Denmark. Both these countries were a few weeks ago in a grave state of apprehension; now they are as merry as sand-boys (whatever these are), for they have been deliberately favoured.

I WISH the Government would show similar favour towards those who are much nearer to them in the real sense than either South America or Scandinavia. It is, after all, the only Government which taxes heavily its own producers, surrounds them with all sorts of restrictions, and then does little or nothing to help them.

BUT before this Parliament is much older the more active and the more potent section of the Conservatives—that is to say, the Page-Croftites—will probably endeavour to force the Government's hand on this point. I would not care to bet that they will not succeed.



THE "IN AND OUT" By FRANK LODGE

In continuation of our series of London Clubs pictured by F. G. Lodge, we reproduce above an impression of that famous Services Club, the Naval and Military. Universally known as the "In and Out," owing to the large directions written on the gateways of 94, Piccadilly, it was founded in 1862 and has a membership of two thousand five hundred

MEANWHILE Earl Winterton, who, in his youth, was l'enfant terrible of Parliament, has proved himself a sort of Peter Pan by an attack on the Cabinet which is likely to be continued by other loyal supporters.

Walter Bird

Who are the smartest dance host and hostess in London? Many people consider that Mr. and Miss Stubbs, of Ciro's, who are seen above, carry off the prize in this respect

Sasha

M. Sava Botzaris, the eminent Greek sculptor, who is shortly to open an academy in London, where he will exhibit his collection of sculpture of men famous in different professions, at work on the bust of Mr. Ralph Millbourn representing "Business Man." Mr. Millbourn is the Chairman of the Ex-Services Welfare Society and a past Vice-Chairman and Director of John Barker, Ltd.

BY HICKS

"Stop me if you've heard it!"

THE HERBERT TREE-DITION AT

Herewith pictured, reading from left to right, the great elocution of Godfrey Tearle as Mark Antony, the snarling Casca of Oscar Asche, the delightful pomposity of Lyn Harding as Julius Cæsar, and Basil Gill as Brutus, both grave and dignified

"Julius Cæsar," at His Majesty's

I ALWAYS enjoy seeing *Julius Cæsar*, for though William Shakespeare takes his time in getting to business, when he does do so the play, which previously was only a feast for the ear, becomes also one for the eye and as exciting as can be.

NOT that the early plotting and planning in the first act to get rid of Cæsar "the tyrant" is dull, but the exposition is assuredly leisurely. Directly, however, Cæsar, despite warnings, determines to attend the meeting of the Senate, and we realise that he will be "bumped off," the interest is gripped as in a vice, even though one knows the play by heart.

IT seemed to me that in this revival at His Majesty's the all-star cast might have "attacked" the play in its earlier stages with a little more vim, but from the second act onwards no fault could be found with the playing. It was Godfrey Tearle who, as Mark Antony, blew what was but a spark into a vivid flame. His speech in the forum scene was delivered superbly, and its whirlwind effect was a perfect contrast to Basil Gill's subtle speech as Brutus, which forcibly reminded me of a present-day Liberal Cabinet Minister explaining why he remained in a Government with whose policy he failed to agree.

COMPLAINT has been levelled at this production because Mark Antony's great speech was broken up into shouted fragments so that its continuous beauty was not allowed to appear. Personally, from the dramatic point of view, I infinitely preferred to see the speaker subjugate an angry crowd by using all his power rather than deliver a recitation, however beautiful. And what a crowd to subjugate! No wonder that the audience roared its approval, as the curtain fell, at an actor who had not only triumphed over a Roman audience, but an English one as well.

IN such a star cast good performances abound. The dignity and diction of Basil Gill as Brutus; the Julius Cæsar of Lyn Harding, marvellously made up; the fiery Cassius of Baliol Holloway; the grimness of Oscar Asche as Casca—to name but a few—all help to make this revival well worth seeing. Shakespeare has been put on the map of the West End stage once more, and I see no reason why

Casca (Oscar Asche), in a forgetful moment, takes his weight away from the centre of the stage. It must be fully understood that our artist, doubtless due to the behaviour of the crowd, has in these sketches let his imagination run "riot"

HIS MAJESTY'S By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "JULIUS CÆSAR," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

he should not stay there. He does not necessarily spell ruin.

Edgar Wallace

THE death of Edgar Wallace at the early age of fifty-seven is a real blow to the stage. Because he was a writer of plays which possessed great popular appeal his work was sometimes sneered at by silly little high-brows, who can only find satisfaction in sitting in cherry orchards growing in Russia.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

Mr. Oscar Asche once again invites our artist's attention. He imagines that stage hands have to lever Casca out of the "Meeting House" after it has been used in "A Street." Act I, Scene 2

BUT, when he had learnt the technique of the stage, Edgar Wallace not only wrote plays which gave pleasure to the public, but to the critic who could realise that these "thick-ear" dramas revealed not only technical skill, but a profound knowledge of humanity.

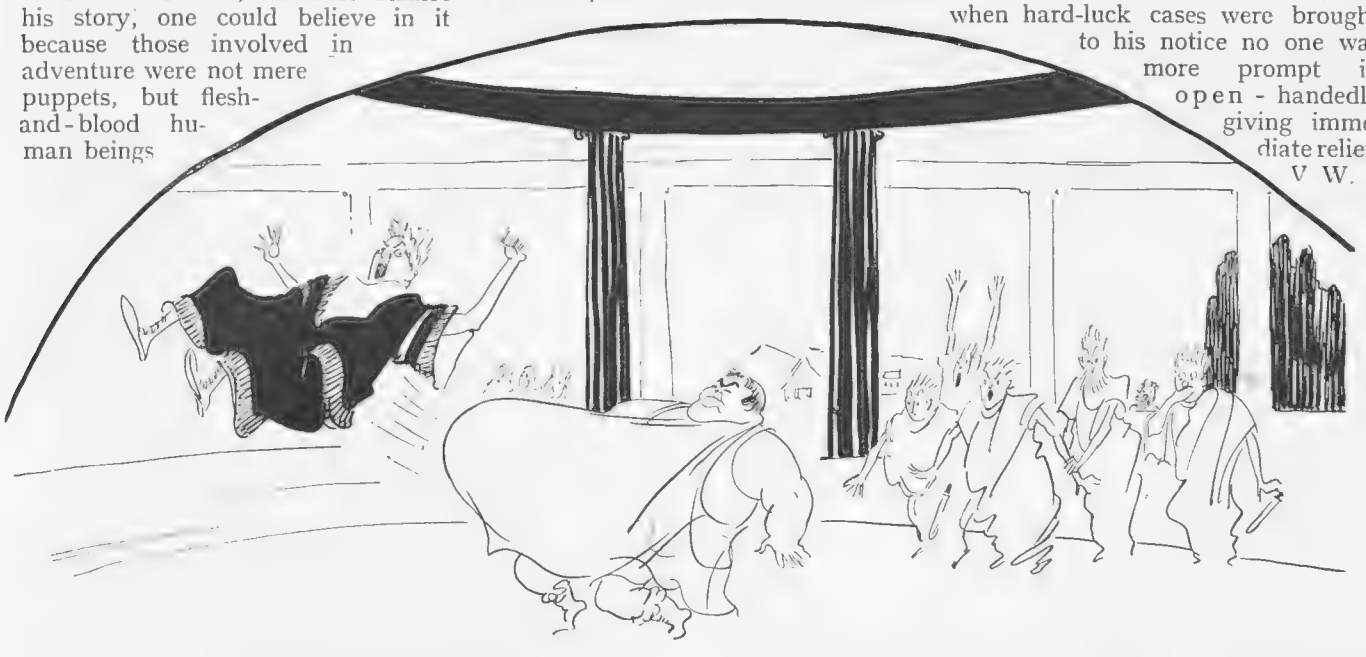
IT was this knowledge which made his dramas appear so actual. He seemed to be intimately acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men and could so draw them in a few, vivid strokes that, however bizarre his story, one could believe in it because those involved in adventure were not mere puppets, but flesh-and-blood human beings.

NO better play with racing as its background has ever been written, or is ever likely to be written, than *The Calendar*. For sheer downright excitement, *The Ringer*, *On the Spot*, and *The Case of the Frightened Lady* are models of their kind. Edgar Wallace was that rara avis—a good novelist who was also a good playwright. He learnt the latter job by first writing sketches for revues, which is an admirable school.

HIS earliest full-length play was a complete failure, but included in his equipment was courage, and, undeterred by preliminary ill-success, it was this grim determination to succeed, coupled with great ability, which made for him a world-wide reputation.

OF Edgar Wallace as a man this is hardly the place to speak, but I cannot end this small tribute without reference to his generosity. If you read his autobiography you will learn about the privations he suffered in his youth. He knew what penury meant before he made his own fortune, and when hard-luck cases were brought to his notice no one was more prompt in open-handedly giving immediate relief.

V. W.



We apologise for our artist who seems quite obsessed by the obesity of Oscar Asche, who is here seen once again as Casca really "bumping off" Julius Cæsar (Lyn Harding)

My Weekly Thought

by Norman Thwaites

SEND for the cap and bells and fit it to the head of the jester who discovered that agreement to differ in policy is proof of unity of purpose!

Last week Sir Herbert Samuel, without waste of time, availed himself of the opportunity to demonstrate the full value of the jest, and a few nights later Mr. Lansbury joined the fun with pompous patter, while other back-chat artists engaged the House with merry quips.

We are told that the retention of dissentients within the Cabinet is an experiment, the success of which, in Mr. Baldwin's words, depends upon the spirit in which it is conducted. We have not had long to wait for a definite indication of the spirit of the Home Secretary and of his colleagues.

"will be disastrous to the trade and industry" of the concern in which not only the parent company is breathlessly interested, but the shareholders in the subsidiary companies overseas. Meanwhile the clients throughout the world stand aghast at what is clear evidence that, so far from unity having been preserved, a state of uncertainty and disagreement which kills business and discourages enterprise is to continue.

"THE verdict of the country," said Disraeli in 1852, "has been of an unmistakable character. We have bowed to that unequivocal declaration."

A study of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, ruminating upon his ten per cent. tariff. He is in the act of being "shot" making a talkie film for the benefit of future generations

THE unfortunate citizen, however, who in October last made a transcendently clear declaration of his wishes on the subject of tariffs, now finds himself faced with this spectacle: The British Commonwealth, represented by John Bull and Co., having held a general meeting of shareholders and elected directors, finds that one of them has actually risen from his seat at the Board to denounce the chairman and vice-chairman, charging them and their colleagues with proposing a policy which, in the words of the Socialist motion of censure,

The National Government of to-day has received a mandate no less unmistakable. Have they bowed to the nation's declaration? On the contrary. The dissentient Ministers flouted the instructions of the electorate and—retained office. We are told that they offered their resignations and were invited to remain. Are they nearly so indispensable as their colleagues seem to imagine?

THE disappearance of Sir Herbert Samuel and of his more recalcitrant colleagues would certainly not rob the Government of its National character. There are other Liberals within the present fold.

LORD SWOWDEN, less cocksure than Sir Herbert Samuel, modestly admits that he and his Free Trade friends "may be mistaken" in supposing the Protectionist proposals to be disastrous to the prosperity of the country. On the other hand, the spectacle of a leading member of the Cabinet threatening to go round the country on a fiery campaign advocating principles in direct opposition to the Government of which he is a member is a subject for laughter.

IT would appear that for the present we are not to be told the extent of the proposed tariffs. Enterprise must mark time while the Cabinet disagrees or agrees to differ. It moves, when at all, with dragging footsteps, evidently unwilling to use speed. It is unpleasant to learn that unemployment is increasing again, because there is force in the argument that if the Government had put on an emergency tariff when they were returned in November last we should have encouraged home enterprises and stopped dumping on a vast scale.

Meanwhile, a Tariff Commission is to be tardily assembled, expensively to deliberate. This Commission is to be composed of persons not prominently connected with industry nor men who have "expressed strong views in favour either of Free Trade or Protection." They are to be able men "who are not tied too much by an economic theory." In other words, the nation in its extremity is to be guided by men of such a feeble temper, of such sluggish mental processes, that they have formed no views of a vigorous kind on the greatest issue that has faced the nation since 1832, or, if you like, since 1846.

INCIDENTALLY, we are told that a tariff scheme, ready for immediate practice, had been prepared by the Conservatives six months ago, and that the state of uncertainty on the question of tariffs which had prevailed for thirty years had come to an end.

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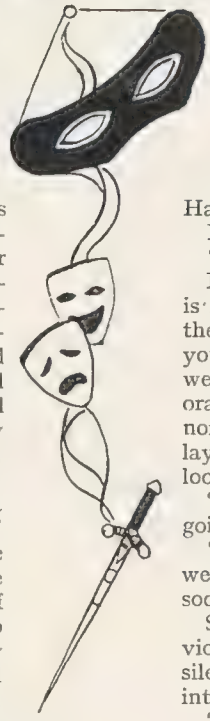
BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The MASK

by John Hastings Turner



HARRY had been kept late in Town. He would, he had telephoned, catch the first train after dinner, and be down at the cottage about half-past ten. Yes, the heat was pretty well stifling in the City, but if he didn't keep his nose to the grindstone who was going to write the cheques, eh? Ha! Ha! Well, see you later, dear! Ring off.

Difficult to say just what it was that was unsatisfactory about that little bit of dialogue. Normal husband stuff. Perhaps it was the "ha! ha!" which was not so much a laugh as a protest against lack of sympathy. Or perhaps it was that wretched, worn-out phrase, "nose to the grindstone." Poor Harry could always be relied upon for that kind of thing. He'd say the noise of an aeroplane engine was "like a great bee," or call a well-kept lawn a "carpet of green." His brain, conversationally, was bone lazy. But he was, one could have said, a very decent fellow. He never seemed to lose his temper or shouted about things. His real vice was cheerful martyrdom. I've seen Dorothy wince at it every now and then. "By all means, darling, you go up to Town and have a good time! But I think, if you don't mind, I'll lie low with a book. Things have been a bit strenuous this week." And then the apologetic little laugh; the result of the whole thing being that Dorothy's visit to the theatre became vaguely misted over with an atmosphere of selfishness. And one couldn't really get worked up about Harry's tiredness because one knew perfectly well that he didn't care for the theatre. Still, for all that, one felt that if every husband was like Harry, the average wouldn't be so bad. He was, unconsciously, extremely irritating with his clichés and his idea that he was overworked; but he was faithful, and honest, and . . . oh! well, he was all those things. . . . He was almost, in fact, a cliché himself.

I WAS staying at the little Surrey house they called the cottage when the disaster occurred. I'd known Dorothy since she was twelve and wanted to go on the stage, and when she was seventeen and perfectly lovely, and her ambition was to be Headmistress of Cheltenham College. And when she was twenty-two and married Harry Cleave. I knew her rather better than Harry did. They had been married now for five years, and I was still good friends, which, in a way, is a compliment to Harry. She called me "Pot," for reasons which I would rather not specify. Dorothy was always a vulgar-minded little devil.

There we were then, on this sort of July evening which makes everything that has ever happened seem worth while, and Harry was going to come down by the ten-thirty.

"Lucky I'm here," I said, over my third helping of strawberries and cream. "I can take the car in to meet him." Harry had an ancient two-seater which he loved like a brother, and which he called Tweedle-dum, because it was so like other ancient two-seaters. But Dorothy had never learned to drive. She had once, I believe, tried, but, to her mind, any kind of machinery was a complete mystery, and I think, too, that she saw that the noise she made with Tweedle-dum's gears seared Harry's soul. It was hot, with a perfect pale orange moon, twice as large as life, rising over the low woods to the south. Dorothy said:

"Oh, Pot, what a perfect evening for a drive! And then we can pick up Harry on the way back and you can sit in the dickey!"

I said:

"So be it. Let me get my tobacco."

Now Surrey is a most amazing county. Half of it is like well-kept allotments and the other half is like the end of nowhere, and as lovely as sin. I can't tell you where we went, except that it was vaguely south-west of Leatherhead, but we drove on and on, and the orange moon climbed up the night and became it's normal size and colour, and the shadows of the trees lay sharp and lovely across the roads. At last I looked at my watch and said:

"I rather think we'd better be turning if we're going to meet the ten-thirty."

"If we keep on bearing to the left," said Dorothy, we're bound to come out on to the Guildford Road, sooner or later."

So we kept on turning to the left; and then going violently down a steep place found ourselves buried in silence and foliage, with a bumpy lane stretching up into darkness ahead of us.

"We shan't have too much time," said Dorothy.

I agreed.

"It would be nicer, too," I suggested, "if we had the slightest idea where we were!"

"If we push straight on," she said, with simple faith, "we're absolutely bound to hit the Guildford road!"

I didn't deny it. I simply didn't know. So we pushed straight on. But we didn't hit the Guildford road. What we did hit was an innocent-looking piece of mud, which closed lovingly over the front wheels of Tweedle-dum, drew her to its bosom up to and above the axles, and shot me and Dorothy against the windscreen. I got out and inspected the position. I stepped straight into a thick soup of clay which came over my ankles and sucked hungrily down into my shoes. Dorothy, who was just stepping out of the car, laughed heartily, and stepped back again. As I stared at the front view of Tweedle-dum it became slowly obvious to me that she was a fixture.

I squelched back into the car.

"I'm afraid," I said, "that we're pretty badly stuck."

"Then you'd better back out," replied Dorothy, "there's a place about fifty yards back where we can turn."

I knew what was going to happen, but I said nothing, for I knew also that Dorothy was one of those who must see to believe. The rear wheels of Tweedle-dum raced like things demented, and there was smoke and a nice smell of burning rubber. Otherwise, there was no change.

"Try going forward," suggested Dorothy.

"No," I said, "if we do that we'll run the risk of breaking something."

"Well, we must go one way or the other," she said, with an air of being extremely reasonable about it.

"There is," I murmured, "a third

Illustrated by LEO BATES

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[*All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.*]

alternative," as I clambered out once more into the mud. Every atom of commonsense I possessed told me that the position was hopeless, but—well, I suppose I was putting off the evil day when Dorothy would have to be told. I tried shoving the rug under the wheels, and Tweedle-dum kicked it away contemptuously, and, incidentally, tore it into muddy ribbons. I couldn't feel that that was going to please Harry very much. I stuffed the mutilated mess into the dickey.

"I'm going to try to collect some branches and things," I said, with a vague memory of Military Tournaments at the Agricultural Hall. The contempt Tweedle-dum had for branches was magnificent. I was swearing horribly, and muddied right up to the knees.

"I'm afraid," I said, "that we can't move her."

"Oh . . . but that's absurd," said Dorothy; "we *must* do something about it."

"Short of getting the Royal Engineers to double over from Aldershot," I answered, "I don't see what we *can* do about it."

Before I could prevent her Dorothy had left the car and was staggering about in the mud beside me.

"Good Lord!" she said, after she had gazed sufficiently at the front view of Tweedle-dum. It was getting very dark in that wood, just as it did when the monstrous crow flew by.

"You can see for yourself!" I suggested.

She squelched around to the other side of the car.

"Oh!" she said suddenly, and then: "I've lost a shoe!"

"Wait a moment and I'll come to you!" I said.

I ploughed round. She was standing on one foot holding on to the radiator.

"Where is it?" I asked, groping in the mud. I was covered with the stuff now. There was even a lump of it in my hair.

"Somewhere just here!"

I could find nothing.

"Get inside," I said, "and turn the lights on." She turned the lights on, but they were no help, except to cast a spot light on my appearance.

"Oh!" gasped Dorothy, "you're mud all over."

I found the shoe at last, and as I dragged it out of that sucking clay the sole came clean away from the upper. It was a dainty thing of snakeskin.

I said:

"The sole's come off."

"It doesn't matter," she said, "they're an old pair." I didn't tell her that this was the final blow, that now she couldn't walk a yard. I suppose she still had some mad faith that Tweedledum would perform a miracle. I tried feebly to remove some of the mud from my face and hair.

"I suppose," I said, "that you haven't even the least idea where we are?"

She shook her head.

"You'll have to go and get help," she said. "We must get back."

It was when she said that that I suddenly heard a note of fear in her voice.

"Look here, Dorothy," I said, "I can't possibly leave you in a place like this alone."

"Oh, I don't mind that!" she answered breathlessly, but the note of fear was more obvious than ever. What was it that she minded?

I said:

"There's something you're afraid of." She looked at me with a twisted smile.

"There's nothing," she said, "nothing! Only—we must get back!"

Then, in a flash of complete amazement, it came to me. She was afraid, mortally afraid, of Harry! Of good-tempered, boring Harry. It seemed incredible.

"Look, here, my dear girl," I said, "I don't see how we *can* get back. I've not the slightest idea where or how far it is to the nearest place at which we might get help. And even if I had, I'm by no means sure that Harry would like me to leave you here alone."

"We've *got* to get back," she said in a low voice which trembled. "We've *got* to get back!"

"You don't mean," I said slowly, "that you think, in this year of grace, that the fact that you and I are compelled to spend the night beside a car on the roadside . . ."

"You don't know Harry," she whispered.

"But, good Lord!" I said, "the thing's absurd! When we knew he was arriving at half-past ten?"

She answered in a low voice and did not look at me:

"He wouldn't have liked you taking me out in the car at all," she said.

"But he left us alone together in the house?"

She shook her head.

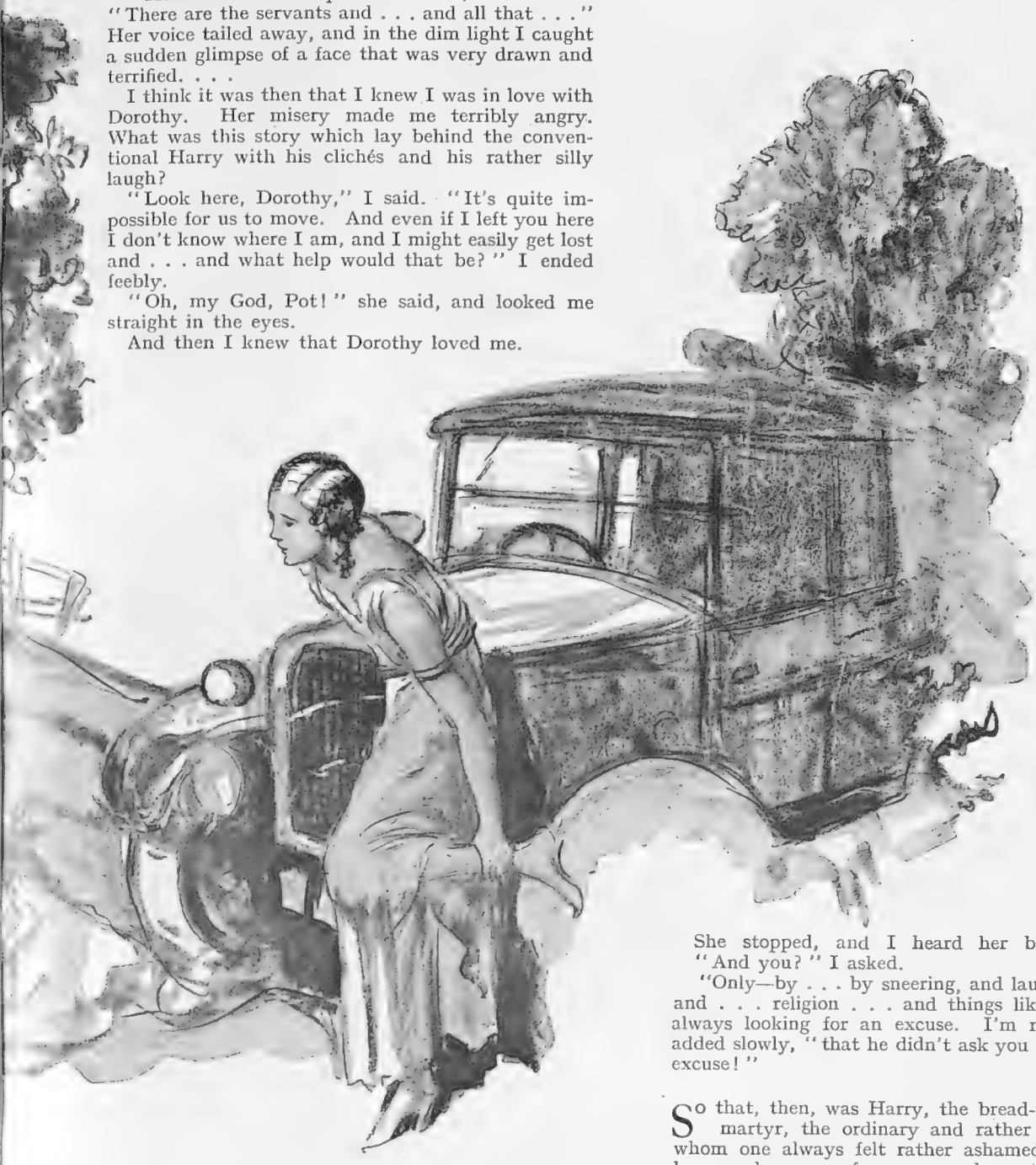
"He'd think that quite different," she said. "There are the servants and . . . and all that . . ." Her voice tailed away, and in the dim light I caught a sudden glimpse of a face that was very drawn and terrified. . . .

I think it was then that I knew I was in love with Dorothy. Her misery made me terribly angry. What was this story which lay behind the conventional Harry with his clichés and his rather silly laugh?

"Look here, Dorothy," I said. "It's quite impossible for us to move. And even if I left you here I don't know where I am, and I might easily get lost and . . . and what help would that be?" I ended feebly.

"Oh, my God, Pot!" she said, and looked me straight in the eyes.

And then I knew that Dorothy loved me.



"'Oh!' she said suddenly, and then: 'I've lost a shoe!' 'Wait a moment and I'll come to you,' I said"

Nice situation, wasn't it? It knocked me silly for a moment or two. I just sat in that absurd car and stared through the spotted, dirty windscreen. Then I said:

"I don't understand. About Harry, I mean." And I wondered whether she noticed that I did not dare to look at her.

She answered very slowly, with a long, long pause between each word. "He's—just—jealous!" she said, and I knew she had told me about one-tenth of the truth.

Surely I had a right to the rest? I loved her, and she loved me. But I suppose we had to be conventionally loyal to the conventional mask that I knew as Harry Cleave. So I said nothing. We sat in silence. A great owl flapped across the headlights and screamed like a child on its way. Suddenly Dorothy gave a deep sob, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"You don't know," she said, "you don't know! I think sometimes he's mad. He . . . he likes to hurt things. I knew first—years ago—it was our dog. 'Rags' we called him. The poor beast started yelling, and I found Harry with Rag's paw in his hand. . . . He said he was taking a thorn out of its pad, but . . . but he was doing it with a stiletto from my work-basket. And when he went fishing he wouldn't knock them on the head. He liked to see them gasping. And one day, when we were in London, there was a car accident and someone was terribly hurt . . . *terribly*, so that I felt sick. But Harry stared and stared until the ambulance came, and he had a funny little smile at the corners of his lips."

She stopped, and I heard her breathing very fast.

"And you?" I asked.

"Only—by . . . by sneering, and laughing at my mother and . . . religion . . . and things like that. But he is always looking for an excuse. I'm not even sure," she added slowly, "that he didn't ask you down, hoping for an excuse!"

So that, then, was Harry, the bread-winner, the cheerful martyr, the ordinary and rather boring Harry, with whom one always felt rather ashamed of one's boredom, because he was, of course, such a sterling fellow really. And I'd known Harry for five years.

I said:

"Well, he's got his excuse now!" And then I leant across and kissed Dorothy's hand, and added, "And as far as I am concerned, my darling, it's a genuine one!"

She sighed, and then, quite simply, she said:

"I've been in love with you for years, Pot!"

After that we sat in the absurd car holding hands like two kids, and saying nothing at all. At last, very gently, Dorothy took her hand away.

"That's where we'll leave it, Pot, dear," she said. "It's the night and the place . . . everything will be different in the morning." I thought she shuddered a little. It was then that I heard the noise of a car in the woods behind us. I wondered suddenly whether Dorothy had heard it, too. There was a squeaking of brakes and powerful headlights raked the mica rear windows of Tweedle-dum. I got out of the car and waved at the dazzling lamps.

"Don't come any farther!" I shouted. "The mud's hopeless!"

I saw Harry picking his way down the track towards me, and I heard his cheerful, conventional shout.

"Stuck, eh? Ha! ha!" And then over his shoulder:

A HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING

MR. ERIC G. UNDERWOOD, like Sainte-Beuve, believes that to understand the work of an artist it is necessary to follow him as far as possible into his home, and to study his everyday domestic habits; and with this in view he has told the story of the lives and careers of some of the more important painters in his book, "A Short History of French Painting" (Oxford University Press, 8*s.* 6*d.*).

THIS work is a history in fact as well as name, and wherever possible technical terms and monotonous descriptions have been excluded. In simple language we are told how the early French painters were restricted to manuscript illuminating and decorating domestic articles, whilst the Italian painters were producing great pictures. This was largely due to the fact that the Romanesque architecture of Italy provided large wall spaces for the artists to decorate, whilst France was the home of the Gothic, which did not afford such opportunities to the French painters.

THE Italian influence on French painting really took effect at the end of the fifteenth century. It was during the wars with Italy that the French came into direct contact with the arts of Italy, and brought back paintings and statues to France. Sometimes they even brought back the artists themselves.

THE French painters were undoubtedly prolific in their production. Hyacinthe Rigaud painted no less than 2,000 portraits, and his subjects included five kings. Yet he painted with great care and patience and entirely with his own hand, unlike so many of the painters of the seventeenth century, who employed hack artists to work on the less important parts of their canvases.

THE landscape painters would sometimes have the figures put in by other artists. Claude Gellée explained that he sold his landscapes and "gave away the figures." Mr. Underwood dispels the belief that the early painters were always underpaid.

QUENTIN DE LA TOUR, in the early eighteenth century, we are told, received the unheard-of price of £1,000 for the famous portrait of La Pompadour. Yet when his vogue declined some of his pictures only fetched 25 francs. The author deals comprehensively with the Modern School of Paris, and concludes with a list of places where French art can be seen. W. De G.

Two illustrations from Mr. Eric G. Underwood's book reviewed on this page. Left, MS. of Renaud de Montauban about 1460. Right, Girls Bathing, by Gauguin.

THE MASK (continued)

"No need for you to get out!"

So he'd hired a car to find us.

"Can't think how you ever got on to us," I said.

He laughed.

"Oh, they know Tweedle-dum round here," he said. "We didn't have much difficulty!"

WAS this the man who liked to see fish gasp and who jabbed stilettos into his dog's paw? For a moment I thought that Dorothy had made some amazing mistake. He was opening the door of his car, and I saw Dorothy smile to him—a queer, pitiful smile. And then in a second I saw a new look come into her eyes. I saw it, but I was too late to prevent what happened. He drew back his arm and he hit her, as hard as he could with his clenched fist, on the jaw. I have never seen anything more horrifying and brutal in my life. I gripped him round the throat and hurled him backwards out of the car as I saw Dorothy fall forward over the wheel. As I turned Cleave had picked up the jack from the floor and was on to me. It sounds absurd, but his eyes were red, like a Siamese cat in the dark. He was stark mad. I knocked up his arm, and down we went into the mud together. He was younger and fitter than I, but he was underneath. I suddenly remembered the chauffeur of the other car, and let out a yell. After that I had to keep my breath for my own immediate purposes. The brute wriggled round and threw me, and I felt the hell of a pain in my left wrist, and then it flopped and went dead, and I knew it was broken. I tried to get some kind of grip on his throat, but I missed and went down on my knees. I don't know how long we were fighting there—while all the time I was thinking of Dorothy and that hellish smash on the jaw. It wasn't many seconds, I daresay, but if someone had told me we'd been at it for twenty minutes I wouldn't have called him a liar! Then suddenly I became aware of a third shadow, and, mercifully, Cleave's grip relaxed and I saw him thrown over on to his back as if he had been a cushion. It was the chauffeur, a hefty young fellow with an expression of utter bewilderment on his brown face. I scrambled to my feet and started to try to explain things, but I had no breath. I turned to the car. Dorothy was leaning back, her eyes closed, dabbing at a bleeding mouth with a tiny handkerchief.

It was then the thing happened. I heard the chauffeur shout out suddenly, "Look out, you . . ." and then there was a crash. Harry Cleave, his head down, had rushed in again. But, dazzled perhaps by the lights, or perhaps no longer with any control, he had run straight into the bonnet of the car. His head, one side of it grotesquely plastered with mud, lay at a fantastic angle to his body. He was dead!

THE coroner knew me, and he knew Cleave, and he knew Dorothy; and things happened privately, and evidence of servants and gardeners and people was taken in a grossly illegal fashion in the coroner's study; and the chauffeur was asked only the most diplomatic questions, and when he gave signs of wanting to tell his story was most unmercifully shut up, poor fellow! So that there was a verdict of accidental death, and a vote of sympathy from the jury for Mrs. Cleave. I said I'd smashed my wrist trying to get the car out of the mud.

That was some years ago, and I am afraid that now my wife has a really good reason for the nickname by which she calls me.

J. H. T.

AN "ALL-BRITISH" GANGSTER FILM

"The Milky Way" is the title of a gangster and bootlegging film, in which humour predominates and the hero is a silly-ass Englishman. Above shows Bernard Nedell as a gangster and Margot Grahame as his "cutie" surrounded by gunmen in a scene from this B.I.P. film. Below, seen centre: Another shot of Bernard Nedell and Margot Grahame. Henry Kendall, the silly-ass Englishman, is on the right

Peter Barnard as the "killer," who has designs upon the Englishman, Henry Kendall, the designs being carved with a knife in the B.I.P. gangster film, "The Milky Way"

Ina Clare in "The Greeks Had a Word for it," a comedy being filmed by Samuel Goldwyn. This very vulgar play had a big success in America, and others in the cast are John Blondell, Madge Evans, Lowell Sherman, and David Manners

MANY NIGHTS OF "A NIGHT LIKE THIS"

The Aldwych success, "A Night Like This," has been filmed by British and Dominions under the direction of Tom Walls, whose first production it is since his illness. Above shows Tom Walls enjoying a fight (not at rehearsal) with a crook. Below, Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn "up against it," "it" being a revolver

Claude Hulbert takes the place of Kenneth Kove in the film version, and he is seen above talking to Winifred Shotter, the ill-used young actress round whom so much of the trouble, and the fun, revolves. Below are Ralph Lynn, Winifred Shotter, and Tom Walls attempting to pacify a landlady demanding unpaid rent, impersonated by Mary Brough

A Portfolio of Fashion

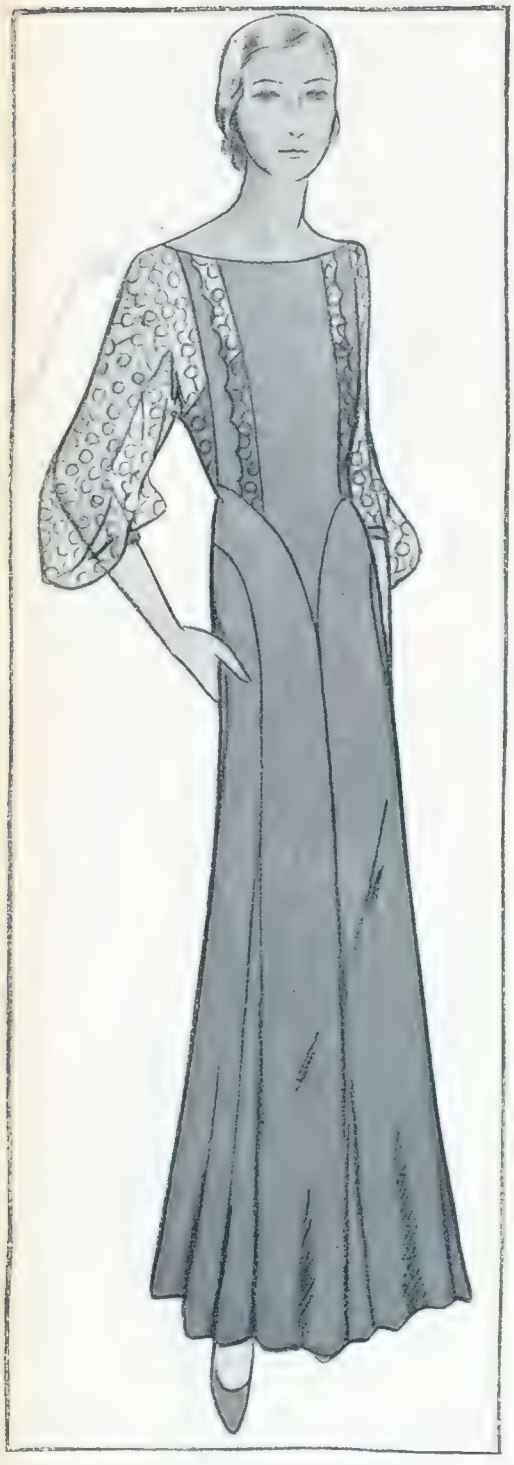
Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Photograph by Maurice Beck

A Famous Dancer and some New Models

Miss Harriet Hoctor, who has won such popularity and fame by her dancing in "Bow Bells," is on her first visit to London and professes herself charmed with us, our town and our clothes. Here she is seen (on the left) in a cream coloured georgette négligée from Isobel which is lavishly trimmed with deep écru lace. On the right she takes a dancing pose in a very fresh and spring-like gown of jade green and white crêpe romain from Chez Beth with little frills over the hips and the shoulders which suits her to perfection.

New Models from the Spring Collections

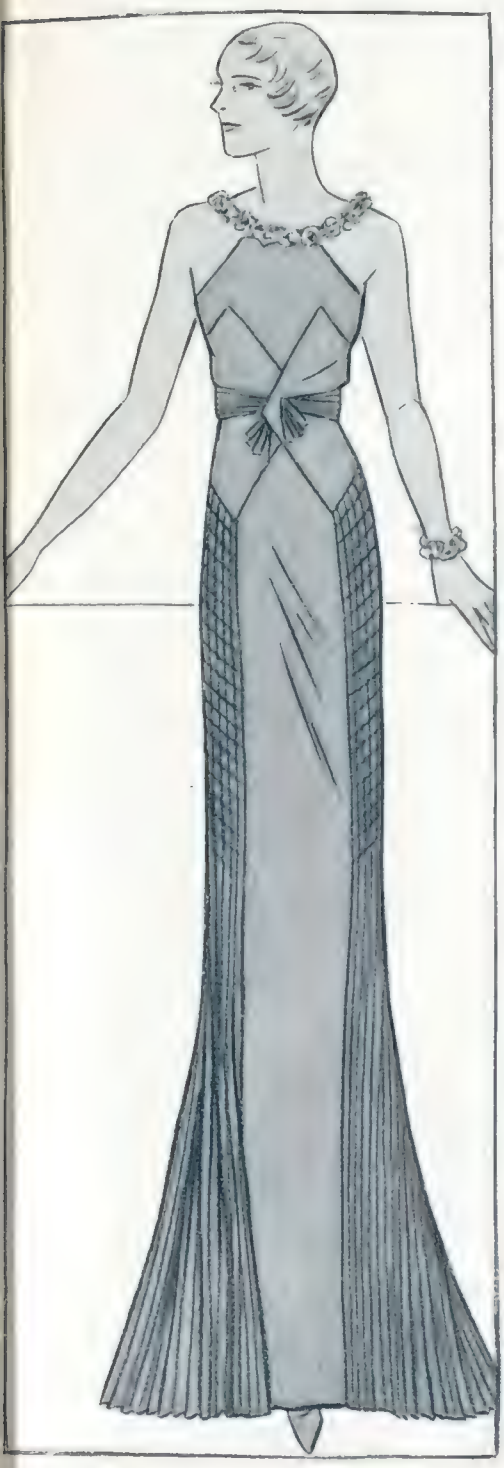


The puffed sleeves which are such a feature of the new season are illustrated to advantage in this dinner gown of mist blue georgette. They are made of blue net embroidered all over with iridescent bugle beads and form, together with a faint line of embroidery down either side of the bodice, the only trimming of this distinguished model. The wide bateau neckline is high both in front and at the back and the skirt is made of several shaped and flared panels. Designed by Isobel

From the new ready-to-wear department of Fortnum and Mason comes this attractive suit which can be obtained either in a wide selection of plain colours or in a number of tweed mixtures. The smartly flared coat is double breasted and has buttoned pockets let into the side seams in front. The skirt is composed of flared sections and gives an unusually trim silhouette. Little tweed hats with roll brims may be obtained to match any of the plain or tweed materials. Designed by Rose Taylor

An exquisite négligée with trousers of Turkish inspiration and a short jacket is carried out in light and dark fuschia colour crêpe de Chine. Bands of the darker material trim and border the coatee and the wide sleeves and make the intriguing little designs in each corner. The under-bodice is composed of two bands of the contrasting colours and a third of a spotted material to tone. This is an unusually becoming and practical garment for the informal dinner party at home. Designed by Madame Dove of Eos and Dove

# of some famous English Dress Designers



This gown of white crêpe romain has an unusual décolletage which is held in place by a wreath of Royal Worcester china flowers of the most exquisite colouring, each one made separately so that the garland is absolutely supple. The side panels of the skirt are knife pleated and held down as far as the knees with diagonal lines of stitching. The short belt is also composed of a pleated piece of material which is carelessly knotted in front Designed by Peggy Morris for Eos and Dove

A lovely evening ensemble of white ciré satin consists of a trailing gown and an unevenly shaped cape-scarf of the same material bordered with silver fox. There is no waist-belt but the gown, which is composed half of plain and half of pleated material, ties with a bow on one hip and is caught in front with a diamond clip. The cape-scarf is attached to one shoulder but can be draped in several ways over the other just as the wearer desires. Designed by Norman Hartnell

Filmy flounces of lace contrast with a sheath-like slip of satin in this becoming gown. The bodice is tied around a rather high waist-line with a narrow sash, and the upper portion is of the same lace as the shaped flounce of the skirt. The main feature of the gown is a long scarf of satin, bordered with lace, made to fit closely around the base of the neck and which hangs down in long panels at the back. It is carried out in a lovely shade of blue and lace of the same colour. Designed by Idare

Howard and Joan Coster.

Sports C

which wi

extremely open stitch, it is high waisted and has an even shorter jacket, and the interest is centred in the sleeves which are full as far as the elbow where they are joined by long dark cuffs reminiscent of old fashioned mittens. An attractive novelty is a shirt blouse made on strictly tailored lines and carried out in spotted handkerchief silk; this may be had with red or blue spots on a white ground, or, alternatively in dark blue with white spots

THIS charming portrait of the Viscountess Tiverton shows her wearing a little woollen coatee whose brevity is unquestionably chic. It is made of loosely knitted beige wool and has full sleeves and very long, tight-fitting brown cuffs which reach up to the elbows. Beneath it is worn a brief beige jumper with a band of the darker wool at the waist-line, and the becoming miniscule cap is knitted to match A Matita model from Debenhams

WOOLLENS show a marked change this season and the high waistline is apt to be even more noticeable in our sports costumes than in our evening gowns. Many of the new jumpers barely reach the waist, where most of them end in a band of pearl and plain above which they blouse slightly. Some of them ape the fashions of more formal costumes and stress the importance of the sleeve, and the striped jumper sketched here with its plain dark sleeves is a subtle illustration of this whim. Others dispense with sleeves altogether and are worn either with a matching coat, often nearly as short as the jumper, or with a shirt blouse. The white striped woollen blouse illustrated is particularly smart for golf and so is a shirt of Milanese silk with a polo collar and very short sleeves. The openwork jumper shown in the photograph is an excellent example of the three main trends in sports wear at the moment; it is knitted in an

Clothes of Distinction

be seen at many a Smart Club

An attractive alternative to the cardigan and jumper is the little double-breasted bodice-coat of the two-piece costume illustrated below. (Extreme left) The belt with its pair of buttons continues the double-breasted effect, and the shaped skirt has pleats in front to ensure perfect freedom. This smart and practical costume is carried out in beige and brown cashmere tweed, but can also be obtained in black and natural colour. From Finnigans

Divided skirts continue to gain in popularity and here a very serviceable example is carried out in brown tweed but is so well cut that the division does not show at all. With this is worn a striped jumper of the softest cashmere wool which adds plain dark brown sleeves to its bodice unevenly striped in natural colour, blue-grey and brown. The brown tweed hat (sketched above, in circle) with its jaunty feather is made to match the skirt. Finnigans

The purest Shetland wool delightfully speckled and incredibly soft makes this golfing costume (Below, centre) The skirt is slightly shaped and hangs particularly well, the coat (see sketch in circle) is moderately short and both may be obtained in green speckled with orange and beige, in beetroot colour and beige or in dark brown and beige. With it is worn a smart ribbed woollen shirt blouse which buttons in front and has a turn-over collar. Finnigans

Round The Town
by Jane Gordon

Even at the best of times modern young men are not very much to look at, and it takes only a few months of burning the candle at both ends to make them look quite pathetically unattractive. I have noticed that it is always the nice, healthy young men who succumb most easily to a sedentary life. The young men who never dream of taking exercise or playing games are the ones who can work all day and stay up all night day in and day out, and although they do not look particularly healthy, they never have a day's illness.

My own theory is that fresh air and exercise are as pernicious as doping. Once the habit is acquired it cannot be given up without disastrous results. This has been a week of parties—cocktail parties that go on from six till nine or ten at night, and other parties that start at ten and continue till six in the morning; and at each consecutive party the young men have looked more faded and jaded, and the young women more healthy and sparkling. Some philanthropist should certainly open a beauty parlour for young husbands, for they are the ones who seem to need it most.

You might have thought there were enough beauty parlours for us in London already. However, yet another is opening at the beginning of next month in Dover Street. This is being started by the Countess Cséky, who comes from Vienna, and who for some time past has been running a clinic in Golders Green, where she permanently removes superfluous hair by X-ray treatment. Her new establishment will be conducted on medical lines. She is only interested in the face and hands, and her treatment consists not only of massage, but of hot and cold steam.

The Countess Kö.öshegyi Adorján Olga Leà Csáky, one of the most charming and distinguished members of Society in Vienna, and well known there as a specialist in Viennese beauty culture. She is shortly opening an exclusive and scientific beauty parlour in Dover Street, and is inaugurating it with a cocktail party at which a new Hungarian cocktail will be introduced

The cold steam is used for older women whose faces have become wrinkled. It is made with an electrical machine which is, I am told, the first one to be used in this country. Like most women, I have a great weakness for all these new beauty games, and have only to be told about them to want to make the experiment. Incidentally, I would love to know how Mrs. Peter Horlick, Miss Pamela Boscawen, and Mrs. "Pop" d'Erlanger keep their complexions, because they have, to my mind, the best in London.

You can still wear a felt beret if you like to stick a feather into it. Women who lunch at the Ritz wear rather long feathers stuck in the beret so that they go from front to back. Lady Dashwood and Princess Fauçigny-Lucinge wear their feathers like this. At Quaglino's the feathers are much shorter and stiffer—more like chicken's feathers, and they are pinned on to the beret with a diamond brooch. Mrs. Cecil Pim is one of the really well-dressed women who refuses to wear berets in London. She was at a cocktail party the other evening in a close-fitting little hat with the slimmest possible feather fixed upside down, so that the end came down over her neck.

Women in Paris are wearing berets exactly the same colour as their hair. If your hair is blue-black your beret is blue-black, or auburn, chestnut brown, platinum blonde, or whatever colour your hair is; so it is hard to tell where the beret ends and the hair begins. Women can do the strangest things to their faces in Paris and yet there seems nothing odd about it. There was a woman dancing at Le Boîte à Matelots one night with green eyebrows and green eyelashes. I suppose they were either painted or dyed, but anyhow, there they were, a bright and vivid green. Imagine what would happen to any woman who did that in London.

Dear me, how funny the dress openings in Paris have been this time. The French were certainly making the best of a bad job, for each big house was charging the buyers 2,500 francs to come in and see the collection. This was returned to them if they bought anything; but it certainly frustrated those buyers who had intended to go over to purchase one or two models and collect ideas from the rest of the openings. There were English dress designers who had sneaked over to discover which way the wind was blowing, pretending to take no notice, and surreptitiously scribbling notes when the vendeuses' backs were turned. The most amusing opening was the evening party where the hard-bitten young mannequin actually blushed because she had to appear in an evening dress with no front at all to the bodice.

One of the best dress shows of English clothes I have seen for some time is Victor Stiebel's, the young Englishman who has just opened a shop in Bruton Street. The whole collection is designed by himself, and the clothes, like Hartnell's, are essentially for young people. How did he know, I wonder, that Paris was going to use gingham tops for little jersey suits and gingham linings for their coats? Or, maybe, it is just coincidence that several of his sports suits are treated this way. His evening dresses have those long, slim silhouettes with skirts like tubes.

Marjorie Brookes, the super-blonde young actress, was in there wearing a black suit with a black and white striped crêpe de Chine top. He has mannequins who are entrancingly lovely, and the prices of his clothes are comparatively reasonable. I think his clothes would be perfect for the younger actresses like Jeanne Stewart, Ann Gray, and Diana Beaumont; and the superlatively slim young married women, such as Mrs. Kenneth Hollway, Mrs. Vernon Parry, and Mrs. John Bealey.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

FEBRUARY, 1932

16th to 29th inclusive.

16th **Racing.** Birmingham.

17th **Racing.** Newbury and Sedgefield.

Coursing. Aylesbury and Isle of Thanet

18th **Racing.** Newbury.

Coursing. North Herts and Dorchester.

19th **Fencing.** Oxford U. v. Cambridge U. (London Fencing Club).

Racing. Gatwick.

Coursing. Dorchester

Athletics. Cross Country England v. France (Ladies) Leamington Spa.

20th **Racing.** Gatwick and Metropolitan (Baldoyle).

22nd **Racing.** Derby.

Coursing. Beccles Club.

23rd **Shows.** Shire Horse Soc. (R. Agricul. Hall) opens. Royal Ulster Agric. Soc. Spring Show opens.

Racing. Derby Steeplechases.

Coursing. Huntingdon Club.

24th **Fencing.** Ladies' Foil Championship begins.

Racing. Lingfield Park.

Coursing. Border Club (Wooler) and Isle of Ely.

25th **Racing.** Lingfield Park and Taunton.

Coursing. Border Club (Wooler), Alresford and Brean Berrow Club.

26th **Racing.** Kempton Park, Manchester and Aldershot Military.

27th **Rugby.** Scotland v. Ireland (Edinburgh).

Football. 6th round, F.A. Cup.

Hockey. Ireland v. Wales (Belfast).

Athletics. Southern, Northern and Midland Cross Country Championships.

Racing. Kempton Park, Manchester and Aldershot Military.

29th **Badminton.** All England Championships begin (Royal Horticultural Hall).

Racing. Shirley.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

The Gospel of Speed — By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce and her husband, who are organising a flight which will keep them in the air for a month. Fuel and food will be supplied to their aeroplane from another, which must ascend at stated intervals to meet them at a prearranged point

"The League of Notions"

THIS revue, produced some years ago by Mr. C. B. Cochran, is being revived in up-to-date form at Geneva, with the French skit on Disarmament as one of the principal scenes. Those who are air-minded enough will enjoy the proposals to internationalise civil aviation so that all countries incapable of building the right machines for themselves can benefit from others who are more efficient. As a matter of fact, commercial flying is already international in its outlook and scope, and when the barrier of frontiers, which are quite artificial in the air, have been finally broken down, we shall see reasonable trading agreements between all countries. This is unlikely to occur until the end of the subsidy period, some fifteen years hence, when civil aviation can fly by itself. At the present time subsidy in one form or another supplies about half the revenue earned on long-distance air routes, and we in this country can certainly not afford to hand over machines and money for the use of some neutral concern. Out of all the national air transport companies, Imperial Airways is likely to pass through the subsidised stage most quickly, and the more support we can give them in the form of mails, freight, or ourselves to carry, the cheaper it will be for the country as a whole.

On Setting the Pace

WE are in this air transport business because the control of our own trade routes is vital to our prosperity. We have money invested in every country in the world, but particularly in a widely scattered group of nations, the British Empire, which can be made practically a self-contained unit by one means alone—rapid lines of communication by air. I have been reading a particularly interesting book by Frank Hawks, the American pilot, who startled Europe last year when engaged on a business trip for Texaco, the American oil people. He flew from Paris to London in fifty-nine minutes, from London to Dublin in one hour and forty minutes, from London to Rome and back the same day, and from London to Berlin in less than three hours. Frank Hawks' book, which is entitled "Speed," is a refreshing account of its author's life, the working part of which has been spent in the air. He points out that the principal commodity which aviation has to sell is speed, and whereas most of his flights have been in the nature of professional stunts, their rapidity to-day merely points to the ordinary commercial possibilities of to-morrow. We shall all fly to Paris in an hour before many years have passed, and America will be no more than a day's flight from London. If you doubt it, read "Speed," which is the gospel of modern America. Can we afford to let other countries, even friendly ones, set the pace?

A Baby Austin being loaded as freight in New Guinea for transport over impassable mountains to the goldfields on the far side of the island. The mining company maintains its own air service from and to the mines, everything being carried by air as there is no alternative except a month's walk. The service was started some years ago with a Handley Page air liner piloted by Fl.-Lt. G. I. Thomson, who is now back again with Imperial Airways

At Hanworth Park

EVERYONE seems to want to fly "blind" or at night or both, and Hanworth is the latest centre to offer special training facilities during which pupils can use their own machines or those belonging to the club. The most essential equipment for night flying is a well-lit aerodrome, and at present only Croydon and Lympne can claim that distinction. Members of the Hanworth Club and the provincial clubs affiliated under the N.F.S. scheme might like to know that there are a limited number of rooms now available, week-end terms from dinner on Friday until breakfast on Monday being £2 12s. 6d. There is to be a house supper on Saturday next, February 20, followed by an informal discussion, when Sq.-Ldr. G. H. Reid will propose and Sq.-Ldr. W. Helmore oppose that blind flying is an essential part of the private pilot's training. These Saturday night parties at Hanworth are always cheery affairs, attracting many people who do not normally attend flying functions. At the naval dinner a few weeks ago I saw Vice-Admiral Drax, who has the distinction of being the only admiral to take his pilot's ticket whilst occupying that exalted rank. M. Georges Seversky often sings at the club, and Cabaret Night is one of the bright particular evenings that should not be missed.

A Date to Note

THE race for the King's Cup will take place early in July, and entries must be sent to the Royal Aero Club before April 1.

POSED BY MISS NORA SWINBURNE

Photograph by Shaw Wildman

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COMMENT ON CRUFT'S

By Lady Kitty Ritson

PERHAPS the best view of Cruft's show is obtained from the gallery where you can look down on the hall below, with its rows of benches and its many judging rings. From this bird's-eye view you can see gigantic St. Bernards pacing slowly round, and, farther on, gay little cockers doing their best to catch the judge's eye. Incidentally, it is always a puzzle to me how cockers manage to remain so gay and yet to carry their absurd little tails with the correct droop. For a cocker whose tail-carriage was as merry as his nature would soon be asked to leave the ring.

I STOOD in the gallery on the first day of the show, dog-less and happy, and meditated which breed I should visit first. If you want to enjoy yourself at a show you should never be an exhibitor. Until your ordeal is over you have neither the time nor the courage to do anything but to gaze at your own particular dog and meditate sadly on his faults, and when you have left the ring you are either so cast down, or so elated, that you can do nothing but button-hole your reluctant friends and talk about your grievance or your success.

My two particular beauties, Alfred and Susie, were gambolling about the pine forest at home in the snow, so I had nothing to worry me, and I was able to reflect on the extraordinary spectacle of several thousand dogs, all gathered under one roof, and all competing for prizes in order to please their owners.

This conjures up a picture of thousands of excited and happy animals, but, unfortunately, it is not always the case. As a rule, the bigger the breed the more they hate a show, and Alsatians, deer-hounds, and the like, present the most bored and depressed spectacle. Dachshunds, Poms and Pekes rather enjoy themselves, and gaze at you cheerfully from the inside of comfortable baskets.

Bah-ni of Aldenbourne, a Pekingese of Importance. Shown for the first time by Mrs. Ashton Cross, he won three Firsts, two Cups, Best of Sex in Breed, and Challenge Certificate

A general view during the judging in the G at the Agricultural H

In the Brave Dog Class. Chum, with his owner, Mrs. Hadden, awarded a V.C. for awakening the family when the house was on fire. He lost one eye when re-entering the burning building, from which he was rescued by a fireman

I made my way to where the elk-hounds were being judged, where I found Aarflott, the Norwegian judge, removing his overcoat. Let me say at once that he is a good judge, but he is also a super-man, a sort of Viking. The heating appeared to be on strike, and dressed as I was in tweeds and a thick overcoat, I was shaking and shivering with the intense cold. However, if you never leave your house except on skis, accompanied by your faithful hounds, to penetrate the deepest forest in search of elk, I suppose that any cold that we can offer is like a spring morning to a Norwegian.

THE fact remains—he shed his overcoat and the exhibitors, anxious to prove that Britons could do as well as any foreigner, shed their hats and their coats, while their chattering teeth sounded like a chorus of castanets. The elk-hounds frankly felt the cold, but were ashamed, in face of all this Spartan behaviour, to show it, so they curled their tails tightly and dragged their owners round the ring. Elk-hound exhibitors are entirely at the mercy of their dogs. They follow them obediently into remote corners, and occasionally induce them to pose for a moment to display their beauties.

BUT it was a good entry, and there were some beautiful dogs. Like all foreigners, Herr Aarflott took his time, but he took it intelligently, and he knew what he was doing. He gave the preference to a hard, well-muscled dog, with a good short back and a nicely modelled head.

AS I was still shivering I thought I might as well visit the Samoyedes, whose chief glory is the "snow-gleam" in their coat. What was my surprise to see one of the largest and "snowiest" reclining on his bench with a background of blue velvet! It was the colour of his own Northern skies at midnight, and perhaps it awoke racial memories of winter nights when the stars burn far away and the dogs guard the sleeping camp. For Samoyedes are not sledge dogs, as is often supposed, but are used by the natives to guard the reindeer herds.

BUT for sheer élan and pluck commend me to that most British of dogs, the wire-haired terrier. He is always assertive, always ready to explain to every other dog, that if he

ernational Class at Cruft's Dog Show
ington, last week

have to take dashing about the ring. But that is nothing to the exhaustion of the helpers who stand outside and attract the dog's attention by making wild gestures.

I knew one dog that would only look excited if he saw his master skipping. This soon cleared a space amongst the onlookers! But Herr Reichert was up to all these dodges, and removed the handlers and dogs to far corners of the ring where they could not be attracted, and where he could observe them at his leisure.

The Champion of Champions. Lorna Countess Howe with her Labrador Retriever, Bramshaw Bob, judged to be the best dog in the show. The Cruft's Championship Cup is seen on the left of the winner

'will step outside" he will oblige him with a good fight at once, and the din in the ring was indescribable. Breeds may come and go, but the terrier is always there or thereabouts, and even in these days of depression they made an entry of 287.

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But that inexplicable dog, the Alsatian has again recovered his popularity, and he provided the third biggest entry in the whole show, being only beaten by Cockers and Labradors. The Alsatian is a riddle, for he costs a lot to feed. He is detested by everybody who doesn't love him, and yet, in spite of every libel that has been published about him, he continues to flourish.

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Herr Reichert, the German judge, was a Prussian with a sense of humour, an almost unknown phenomenon. He skipped about the ring and chuckled with joy as the female exhibitors, one by one, clutched their beating hearts, having run about a dozen times round the ring. All Alsatian exhibitors have lovely figures because of the amount of exercise they

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Like all German judges he liked a little "frightfulness," and occasionally he hopped forward and struck a dog with a catalogue. The correct reply to this pleasantry on the dog's part is to nip at the judge, but English Alsatians are not trained to do this, so they either look surprised and bored, or else jumped aside, in which case the judge threw up his hands, sighed, and generally expressed his horror at the habits of British dogs. It is always a real "circus" to watch a foreigner judging.

In The Any Variety Classes, the Finks Spets swept the board, and Finks Rusty and Finks Tammi had their benches lined with red cards. All-round judges are extremely fond of these dogs because of their soundness, and they love "putting them up!" Everybody was asking about them and what their name was, and several people tried to buy puppies, but the few forthcoming litters are booked up, and, till the new imported dogs arrive, there is hardly anything to be bought.

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But the cream of the whole exhibition was the class for Brave Dogs. I don't suppose there was a pedigree amongst the whole lot of them, but the crowd stood in a queue, three deep, to file past their benches. They were all heroes, for they had all won a medal for bravery, and their souls looked out of their lovely eyes. Their owners did not leave them alone on their benches like those others who merely kept show dogs—but sat with them, their pride and love very visible in their faces.

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There was Moss, a shaggy collie who sprang from a high rock into the river Tawe and saved a boy from drowning. There was Moffat Treasure, an old English sheep-dog, who jumped at the head of a runaway horse, and, seizing the reins in his teeth, brought it to a standstill; there was Teddy, who drove away an infuriated sow that was crushing his master's daughter to death, and sweet Peggy, a wise bull-terrier, who saved a boy from drowning in a canal. There were a host of others, but one and all, they were Brave Dogs, and had earned a far greater reward than any show dog ever born. For dog or man, none can show greater love than to lay down his life for his friend.

K. R.

Whoopee of Ware, Mr. H. Lloyd's Cocker Spaniel, entered in place of the famous Lucky Star of Ware, a close competitor with Bramshaw Bob for the honour of being the best dog in the show at Cruft's

MR. HUXLEY'S HORRIBLE WORLD

By "Junius"

Dorothy Wilding

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY

Whose new book, "Brave New World" (Chatto and Windus: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page. He is seen with his wife and twelve-year-old son

OPINIONS will be sharply divided concerning Mr. Aldous Huxley's new book, *Brave New World* (Chatto and Windus: 7s. 6d.). Some people will consider that he has carried to a pitilessly logical conclusion many of our modern tendencies and theories, showing with biting satire the outcome, thousands of years hence, of what we now call Americanisation. Others will think it a revolting and horrible conception of humanity, and that he has out-Aldous-Huxleyed himself.

Mr. Huxley calls his future the Fordian era. His characters swear by "Old Ford," and the World State Controllers are dubbed "Your Fordships." Subtly satirical, this, of mass production. And a horrible era it is.

WE are first introduced to "a squat grey building of only thirty-four storeys." This is the Central London Hatchery and Conditioning Centre, where babies are produced from test-tubes—"ectogenetic" babies I think Mr. J. B. S. Haldane called them in *Daedalus*. The word "mother" is a word of shame amongst the Fordians. The Hatchery produces the population, and, according to the public needs, the ectogenetic infants are trained in the test-tube, and from their first glimmer of consciousness, to be one of five classes—Alphas, Betas, Gammas, Deltas, and Epsilons; Alpha being the highest and Epsilon the lowest, they being too stupid to be able to read or write. Each class throughout life wears clothes of a distinguishing colour, and to what they have been trained that they must remain.

Family life, consequently, is utterly unknown. Each man and woman does a State-appointed task from adolescence to the crematorium, each class as rigidly apart as different kinds of animals. But although motherhood is unknown, there is sexual promiscuity which would make a rabbit blush rosy red all over. This is where some of Mr. Huxley's readers will be profoundly shocked.

Mabel Robey

MISS PAMELA FRANKAU

A book of her short stories has been published by Hurst and Blackett under the title, "Women Are So Serious." It costs 7s. 6d.

OBVIOUSLY, he has taken the bees as the root-idea for his test-tube-produced babies. As we know, by a particular kind of feeding the bees can produce either princesses, workers, and drones from the queen-bee's eggs, as the needs of the hive require. But the bees set an example to the Fordians, who live in a positive welter of negation, their nerves strung to constant concert pitch by a drug called *soma*, which produces all the exhilaration of drink without any of its ill-effects.

Far away in Mexico, in a reservation for savages, there are still some humans of the old order left. Amongst them is a young Englishman whose existence proves that even the diabolically perfected Fordian methods can break down. In the Mexican reservation he has read Shakespeare; learnt of happiness, suffering, beauty, and ideals. Brought to Fordian England, the utter negation of existence, the annihilation of all higher human feelings, so appals him that he commits suicide. And no wonder.

Myself, I think Mr. Huxley's book goes deeper than appears at a first reading. If you think it over, it carries Americanisation and the Bolshevik theories and practices to their *n*th. But, for my own part, I think he has lessened the effect of a brilliant compound of science and fiction by a perpetual insistence on sex, and that sometimes in the most repellent form.

I HEARD recently of an authoress who has written three novels in seven months. Mr. Richard Pryce stands at the other end of the record. On the last page of *Morgan's Yard* (Collins: 7s. 6d.), following the fashion set by French novelists, and now adopted by many of their English fellows, of giving the names of the places where a book has been written, with dates of beginning and ending, you find "London, 1925-1931." Six years to write a novel! This suggests either long intervals when the manuscript lay untouched in a drawer, or the most meticulous care in writing and rewriting. After reading *Morgan's Yard* I am inclined to the latter opinion. The exactness of phrase, the perfect balance of sentences, could only have been produced by months of painstaking, the writer working upon his material over and over again with delicate strokes, as an engraver works upon precious metal.

I wonder if *Morgan's Yard* will be popular. It deserves to be, but its delicacy, the slow growth of the story from, as it were, tangents to the story itself, will not, I am afraid, commend it to those who like to read as they run. To the more discerning the book will have a strong appeal. Over and over again, as Mr. Pryce unfolds the story of Mrs. Chesson, a tragedy

(*Continued on page* ii)

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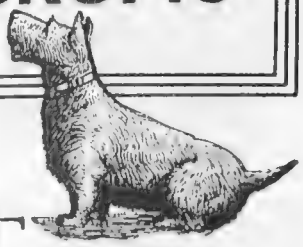

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BY HENDY

SIMPLIFICATION!

"Say, caddie, I guess I'll need my No. 24 iron for this shot!"

FROM TEE TO GREEN

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

ALTHOUGH beaten by 11 points to 7, the Cambridge University team should be pleased with their performance against the Essex Professionals on the Warren Club's course. The course is only one of twelve holes, but a full round of eighteen was played. MacRosty, the Cambridge Captain, and J. W. P. Blenkin, won in the foursomes against Bert Hodson and C. S. Denny by 3 and 2. Both the Cambridge players were driving extremely well, F. A. Simmonds and J. S. Rowell were the only other victors on the Cambridge side in the foursomes, they secured four consecutive "birdies" from the tenth, and won by 5 and 4.

* * *

H. W. HIGGINSON and R. K. Rathbone halved the match with W. Hughes and Mr. F. Durham, the secretary of the Warren Club, who took the place of Albert Tingey, jun., who was down with influenza. In the singles Hodson defeated MacRosty by 6 and 4; MacRosty was putting far from well, and Hodson secured an early lead of four holes. G. R. A. Jamieson, who was suffering from an injury to his foot, made a plucky fight against Guise.

* * *

ROYAL LYTHAM and St. Annes are sending a team South on March 5, and have arranged matches with the following clubs:—March 5, Addington; March 6, Stoke Poges; March 9, Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society at Woking; March 12, West Hill; and March 13, Walton Heath

* * *

THE date for THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy meeting at Addington Palace has been altered to March 5 in order that it shall not clash with the Kent and Surrey Ladies' match.

THERE was a great gathering of golfers of both sexes at the Piccadilly Hotel on the occasion of the L.G.U. Annual Banquet.

* * *

THE 19th Club Spring Meeting will take place over the Royal Cinque Ports course at Deal on Saturday and Sunday, April 9 and 10. The course will be open to competitors on Friday upon payment of a green fee of 5s. The "Barton's Folly" foursomes competition of the same club will be held on March 12 at Addington Palace.

* * *

THE Steward of the Orsett Golf Club has replied to my criticisms of golf club catering in a letter very much to the point. I quite appreciate that weather is one of the great difficulties to be contended with; as he says, it is often necessary to prepare for quite a considerable number of luncheons for a week-end, and then, due to bad weather, find that the club is empty and the food wasted.

* * *

CHARLES SWEENEY and his brother Robert were respectively first and second in the O.U.G.C. bogey competition at Southfield. Playing off the scratch mark he returned 7 up on bogey, his brother Robert finished 5 up; K. A. S. Morris (Magdalen) (4), H. B. Dugmore (New College) (2), and H. S. W. Henderson (4), tied for third place 2 up. Charles Sweeney went round in 70. The medal record of the course is 71, which stands to the credit of R. H. Baugh, another American, who played for Oxford in 1928, 1929 and 1930.

G. R. A. JAMIESON (Winchester and Magdalen) has been invited by MacRosty to fill one of the three vacant places in the Cambridge University team for the inter-University match at St. Annes next month.

* * *

I SHOULD imagine that the rumour that T. P. Perkins is about to become a naturalised American subject is very likely to be correct. I heard something of it some time ago. This means that he will not be eligible to play in our Walker Cup team.

* * *

THE BYSTANDER Cup, which was played for at the Nice Golf Club, Cagnes, on the 11th, 12th and 13th of this month, is a practical demonstration of the interest taken in golf by this paper. These cups have been presented by us for some years, the winners last year were Mr. J. Quin and Mrs. Vardy. The competition, which is one of the most popular events of the season, consists of eighteen holes against bogey, the eight best scores play off under match play. The very idea of playing in this competition under the charming conditions which will in all probability exist makes me envious of those fortunate enough to be there.

* * *

IN view of the approach of the BYSTANDER Trophy meeting I took a trip to Addington Palace last week and had a most enjoyable day's golf. Much work is in progress and no doubt the course will be greatly improved, but as it is I find it delightful. It is playing extremely well. Major Phillimore tells me that his committee will consider the question of playing under "Winter Rules" at their next meeting; they will be well advised to adopt the suggestion, and will be spared much expense in the upkeep of their fairways thereby. Fred Robson, who looks extremely fit, is looking forward to a goodly entry for our Trophy, and I am sure he will not be disappointed.

* * *

AT Cassiobury Park (Watford) three players have holed their tee-shots at the 16th (177 yards) in a fortnight!

* * *

FOG interfered seriously with the Croydon Alliance 27 holes medal competition at Purley Downs last week. In section "A" Kinch and O. B. Pond, of Woodcote Park, with a net return of 116½, were successful. Section "B" (Amateur partnership) being won by T. C Findlater and J. Loghlen (Selsdon Park), who received 12½ strokes and had an aggregate of 117½.

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My Ideal Car — By E. M. Wright

If you had an Aladdin's lamp and had merely to wish for the car of your dreams, what would it be? The "amateur expert" is ready enough to air his views, but his dream is not the dream of us all. His thoughts run to supercharged monsters with a performance that would startle a Brooklands "ace," or else to luxury such as only a multi-millionaire could afford. There are few to speak for the average owner-driver. The pity is that most of us do not analyse our car's good or bad points. We do not know what we want.

MM. Vasselle and Duhamel, who won the recent Monte Carlo Rally, seen beside their 3-litre Hotchkiss. They started from Umea, in Sweden

The perfect car will never be built, but we should all have, in our minds, a picture of what the perfect car ought to be. To picture the ideal is not merely waste of time. It sets a standard—and a high standard—by which the ordinary owner can judge a car. I am not one to sigh for the moon; but, granting the limitations of practical necessity, is it not possible still to suggest a few of the main features of the sort of car we could have? Surely, yes.

On purely practical grounds we want baby cars and light cars. Their popularity, however, is due to far more than a mere saving in tax. There is the question of first cost—and light cars are cheap—and there is also the very important question of running costs. If the Horse Power tax were abolished altogether we should still want small cars; while, quite apart from any consideration of cost, the small car is the handiest of all to drive.

The average light car, however, still suffers from one most serious fault—lack of room. I do not belittle the wonderful improvements that have been made in the last few years. By comparison, present-day models are luxuriously roomy and comfortable, but there is no denying that many of them are still cramped and uncomfortable. In demanding more room I am not asking impossibilities. It *is* possible to give more space for the passengers, for the very excellent reason that it is actually being done.

If you compare the different models in the different classes—baby cars of 8 h.p., cars of 9 or 10 h.p., cars of 12 h.p., and so on—you will find an astonishing difference in the seating accommodation offered on different makes. If one manufacturer can succeed others can at least copy him. Moving the engine and the radiator forward, for instance, till it overhangs the front axle has added largely to the passenger space on one model. My ideal would, however, be a car with the engine at the rear, and in such examples as there are to-day of cars so designed there is a surprising gain in passenger space; whilst the absence of a propeller-shaft frees the floor of obstructions. There is no reason why every small car should not be adequately roomy if full use is made of every inch of available space.

Reggie Meen, the well-known British boxer, choosing a Vauxhall car for his own use. The photograph was taken at the car works at Luton

One of the catch phrases of the motor trade to-day is that cars are sold on appearance alone. Salesmen talk glibly of the influence of women motorists. Women motorists have undoubtedly taught our manufacturers to devise more pleasing colour schemes and more attractive interiors, while perhaps, too, they have helped to bring about more pleasing lines. But manufacturers make a sad mistake if they imagine that cars are, in fact, bought on looks only. Women, no less than men, will refuse to be taken in by dashing colour schemes, and a host of appointments that are mostly quite unnecessary—a ladies' companion, for instance.

Though it is shockingly unorthodox to say so, a car's appearance is *not* of such vast importance as we are sometimes led to suppose. Looks do count, and count for a very great deal, but they are not the be-all and end-all of car manufacture. Some of our most popular models are very ordinary to look at. The secret of their success is that their appeal is not on the surface alone.

My perfect car must call for little or no attention, while it must be possible to carry out such jobs as have to be done without mess or bother. By the irony of fate expensive chauffeur-driven types are often easier to look after than cars designed for the owner-driver. Automatic or semi-automatic lubrication, for example, is a regular feature of more expensive models, but the owner of a baby car or a comparatively inexpensive light car has to search for a dozen or more grease nipples and apply the grease gun. The number of grease points has been reduced, but greasing the car is still a slow and tedious job. Nothing has been done to make it easier or less messy to drain the sump, the gear box, or the back axle, while merely to top up the gear box involves quite a lot of bother. Again, you are recommended solemnly to look after your batteries at regular intervals, but in most cases they are hidden away so effectively that it is not at all surprising that the average owner-driver either forgets about them altogether or else shirks a necessary but inconvenient duty.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 332)

created by an uncompromising moral standard; of how John Clitheroe the artist, Teddy Abinger the young playwright, and Ann Hesketh the actress, ended the tragedy, one is reminded of Henry James. It is the same slow building-up of character, the same subtle but deciding reactions of the characters upon one another, and upon Mrs. Chesson herself. And out of it emerges a profoundly touching story, set in a little backwater of Mayfair that was once a mews.

IT will be easy to dismiss *And No Birds Sing* (Routledge: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Pauline Leader, as the outpouring of a morbid-minded girl, if it were not for its tragedy and the pictures it gives us of an unknown world. Pauline Leader was the child of Jewish parents—Polaks, I take it—who immigrated to America before she was born. They kept a store, in which meat was the principal article of sale, in a market, and here they lived in two rooms with their ever-increasing family, poor and despised by their neighbours. Pauline, a super-sensitive child, whom her parents were incapable of understanding, had the iron of Jewish inferiority thrust into her soul in her early schooldays.

She writes: "My father, I knew, considered himself one of the 'chosen people,' and this knowledge of his superiority helped him in his retaliations. But I was a realist. We might be the 'chosen people' far off somewhere 'in Jerusalem,' but this was America, the place where I lived and where I suffered savagely whenever I was called a dirty Jew."

OUT of a sordid atmosphere emerges a startlingly clever portrait of the mother, working in the store early and late, handling sides of beef and mutton and cutting them up on a chopping-block like a man; ceasing the endless round only to have babies, and returning to the store a week after they were born; violent-tempered to her children and evil-minded. Whilst still a schoolgirl, Pauline Leader became totally deaf. Unable to endure life at home any longer, she ran away to New York, where she took any work she could find—washing up dishes in a restaurant; working in a sweated dressmaking shop. Finally, through sheer ignorance, she found herself in a girls' reformatory. With her liberator the autobiography ends, and you are left wondering what the future will be for a girl of her temperament and her hatred of her own race. Her detestation of her parents adds to the poignancy of this tragedy of childhood.

I LIKE Miss Pamela Frankau's book of short stories, *Women are So Serious* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.*), better than anything else she has written. Clever as she is, I have found a suggestion of self-consciousness in her work which is apt to be irritating. But there is none in this book. Perhaps Miss Frankau's talent lies more strongly in the direction of the short story. There are seventeen stories in the book, and in each one she touches life at a different angle with both knowledge and perception. The first one, "The Artist as a Young Man" is the best of the psychological studies of women. And "We're Waiting for Somebody" is a clever and convincing excursion into the eerie. In these stories, too, Miss Frankau makes her best effects by what she cleverly leaves unsaid.

FOUR men revolve round Lilian Cameron, the heroine of *Poor Swine* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Jean Devanny, in the New Zealand village of Granitz, and its neighbour, the mining village of Denniston. These are Julian Greville, a hard-drinking English aristocrat; her husband, Laurie Cameron; Stallard, a doctor; and Aspro, a miner. Lilian is beautiful, and was born without any moral sense. It says much for Mrs. Devanny's skill that you are more interested in the girl's character and nature than in her recurrent love affairs.

In the end she leaves her husband with Greville, although she knows that he can never shake himself free of the drink habit. But since, temperamentally, she is unable to remain faithful to one man, and there are indications that she achieved fame as a singer, Lilian Cameron's story does not end with this book. Mrs. Devanny has given us a real woman of a certain type in Lilian, and the New Zealand setting is beautifully described.

I CAN recommend to you *Ballerina* (Gerald Howe: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Barbara Willard, the story of a girl with a passion for dancing; *The First Commandment* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d*), by John Scott-Taggart, the story of a ruthless newspaper proprietor, with thrilling chapters on the General Strike and Stock Exchange dealings; *Earthquake in Surrey* (Thornton Butterworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Lilian Arnold, telling of the struggle between two women for the possession of a child and the love of a man; and *The Clairvoyant* (Martin Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.*), a translation by Beatrice Ryan from the German of Ernst Lothar.

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This is *great* fun—

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"My dear Joyce, I didn't know myself until Alec told me about it at the Club the other night; he was full of it."

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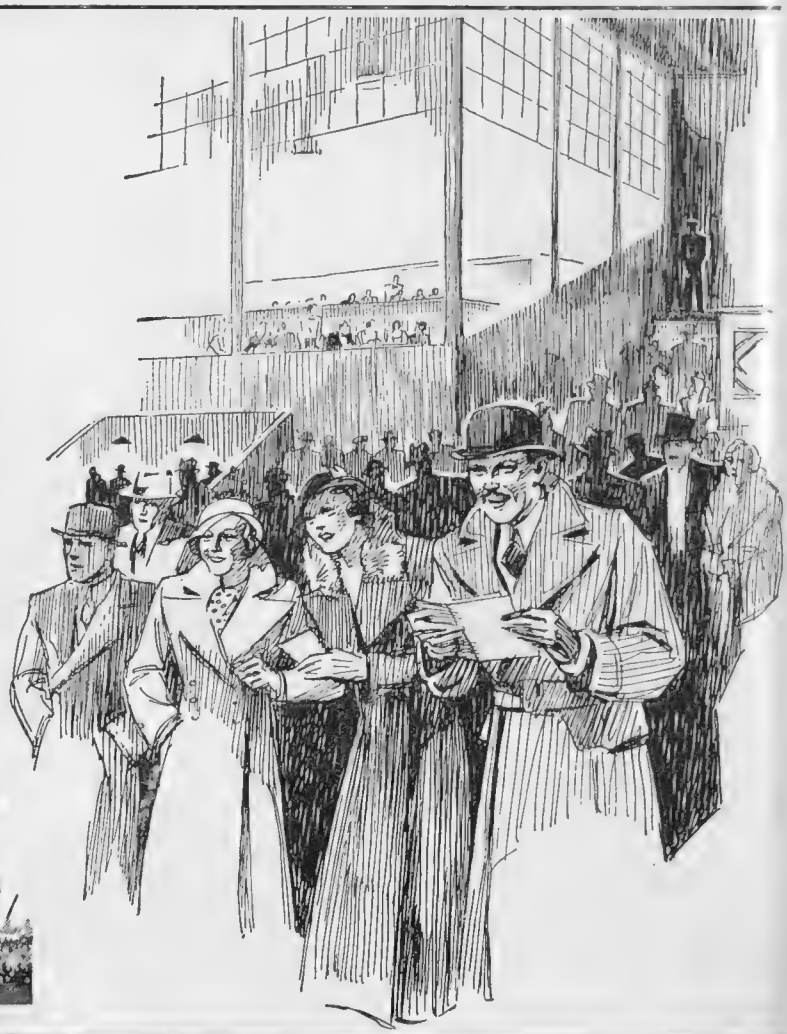
"Rather! I'd like to make it a habit!"



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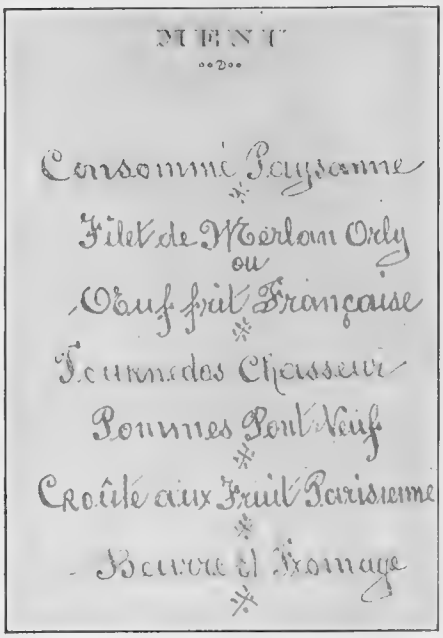

The menu of a luncheon recently served by the Refreshment Department at the House of Commons

Homards à la Bordelaise

CUT up two lobsters into eight pieces; break the claws without spoiling their shape, and boil for twenty-five minutes in white wine seasoned with a head of garlic, a laurel leaf, a bouquet garni of parsley and herbs, pepper and salt. Place the cover on the saucepan and stir occasionally; when done dry each piece in a cloth and put into a clean saucepan. Brown two sliced onions in butter, stir in a tablespoonful of flour, and when quite thick moisten with some of the liquor in which the lobsters were boiled. Stir over a quick fire for ten minutes, add two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce and a pinch of cayenne. Pour the sauce over the lobsters and warm for a few moments. Dish up the pieces so arranged as to give the appearance of the lobsters not having been cut; coat with the sauce, and serve.

Escalopes de Veau au Madère

PROCURE a piece of fillet of veal (the part under the loin is most tender), cut into slices, and beat them very thin with a cutlet bat. Fry until a good colour in a little butter, and when the cutlets are sufficiently cooked add some sauce à l'Italienne, and simmer all together for a few minutes.

SAUCE À L'ITALIENNE.—Simmer a lump of butter in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful each of chopped onion or shallot, minced mushroom, tomato, and a bay leaf. Add half a tumbler of white wine. When the sauce is reduced add half a tumbler of tomato sauce and the same of stock or gravy. Simmer the cutlets in this for a few minutes; dish up and serve.

Crême de Milan

HALF a pint of cream stiffly whipped, one teacupful of milk, three ounces of castor sugar, one small sherry-glass of sherry, half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in the milk and allowed to get cool. Then add the cream and sherry. A few ratifias crumbled in at the last minute are an improvement.

Sardines à la Royale

SKIN some large sardines, remove the backbone carefully, and place some chutney in the cavity. Heat and serve on fingers of hot buttered toast. Garnish with a little coralline pepper.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Eyston's Year of Records

Mr. G. E. T. Eyston, who broke the world's baby car record on the Pendine Sands, to-day now holds every international record in this class with the exception of a few for long distances. His speed of 118.38 m.p.h. for the mile is, subject to confirmation, the fastest ever attained in a car of this size over any distance.

Driving M.G. cars lubricated with Wakefield Castrol oil, Mr. Eyston has twice within twelve months broken the world's baby car records for the mile and the kilometre, and has secured no fewer than twenty-two international class records.

At Monte Carlo

The Prince of Monaco, accompanied by the Princesse Héréditaire, recently paid an official visit to the Tir aux Pigeons at Monte Carlo, where they were welcomed on their arrival by Count Charles Brémond d'Ars, and watched the competition for the Prix de Menton. The Princess was presented with a magnificent sheaf in the Monégasque colours by those who were shooting there as a token of appreciation of the interest which she has always shown in the Tir aux Pigeons.

In Aid of Charity

An Ice Carnival will be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on Wednesday, February 24, in aid of the Hampstead General and North West London Hospital. As well as general skating there will be exhibitions by well-known amateurs and professionals, an open ice-waltzing competition and gymkhana events. There will be prizes for all of these as well as for the most beautiful and most original fancy dress, which is, however, optional. For those who feel safer without skates there will be a dancing floor. Tango competition on ice. The price of tickets, including supper, is one guinea, or twelve for 11 guineas, obtainable by post from the Hon. Organiser, Mrs. H. Lawson Whale, at 84, Wimpole Street, W.1, or at The Hampstead General Hospital, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3, or Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1. H.S.H. Princess George Imeretinsky, Mrs. William Field (British Amateur Champion, 1931), Mr. J. Page (10 times British Champion), will give new exhibitions. A mock bull fight will be staged on the ice.

An exterior view of the new John Player's cigarette factory at Nottingham, which is 500ft. long, 66ft. wide and 85ft. high. No fewer than 3,000 tons of British steel and 50,000 cubic ft. of Empire stone were used in the construction of this factory, which has a floor area of 220,000 square ft. and is all-British throughout

The "Ideal Home" Exhibition

That popular annual event, the Ideal Home Exhibition, will open at Olympia this year on Tuesday, April 5, and close on Saturday, April 30, and many novel and interesting features are in the course of active preparation. The Grand Hall will be converted into a City of Light, planned by the leading illuminating engineers and scenic experts, which will disclose the story of the Evolution of Light. In contrast, in the adjoining National Hall will be found a complete Tudoresque village with dovecots, stocks, a pond with a ducking-stool, and charming cottages, behind the doors of which will be ideal homes. Among many other novel features will be found the little cottage presented by the people of Wales to Princess Elizabeth; a Theatre of Fashion, where the latest British dress creations will be displayed; and a Man's Ideal "Den," which will be fitted up in a manner which could not fail to appeal to the tastes of even the most exacting of men.

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Sporting & Dramatic News 12.12.31

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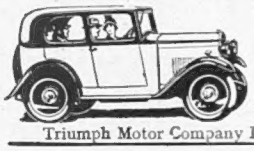

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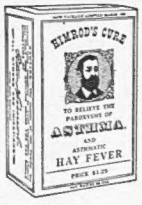

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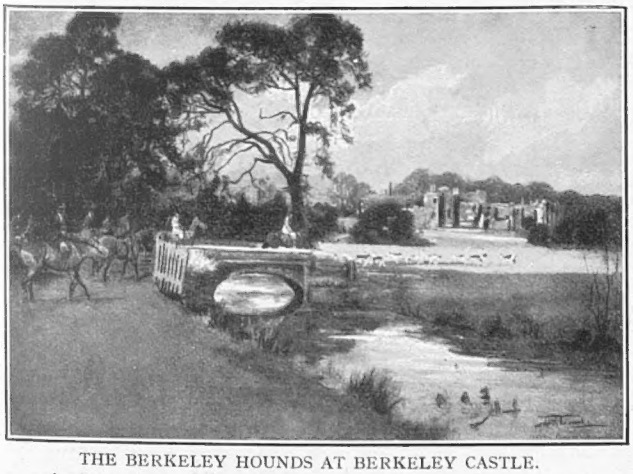

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